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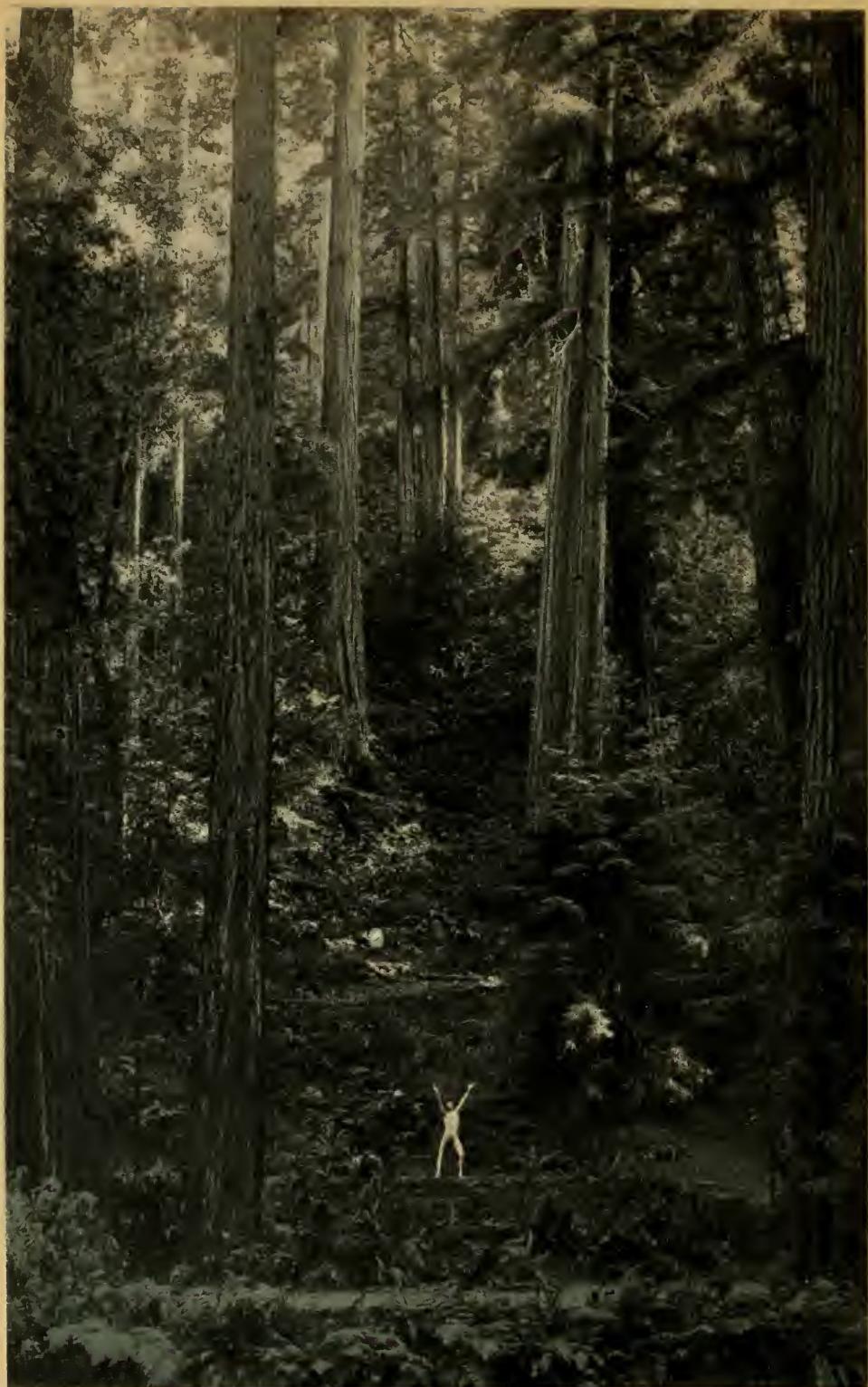
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THE GREEN KNIGHT



NEOTIOS

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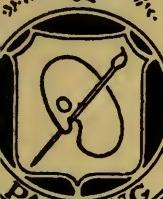
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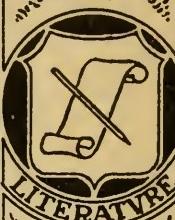
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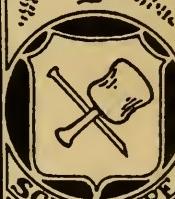
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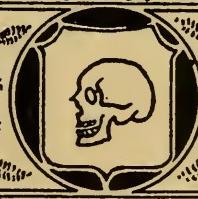
THE GREEN KNIGHT

A VISION

BY PORTER GARNETT: MUSIC
BY EDWARD G. STRICKLEN
WITH A COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR
PUTNAM: DECORATIONS BY RALPH
WARNER HART & EUGEN NEUHAUS
AND DRAWINGS OF THE COSTUMES
AND A DIAGRAM OF THE THEATRE
BY THE AUTHOR

THE NINTH GROVE PLAY OF THE BOHEMIAN
CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO AS PRODUCED BY
THE AUTHOR AND PERFORMED BY MEMBERS
OF THE CLUB IN THE BOHEMIAN GROVE · SONO-
MA COUNTY · CALIFORNIA · ON THE OCCASION
OF THE CLUB'S THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL
MIDSUMMER JINKS: THE TWELFTH
NIGHT OF AUGUST · NINE-
TEEN HUNDRED &
ELEVEN

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR
THE BOHEMIAN CLUB BY
SOME OF ITS MEMBERS
SAN FRANCISCO : MCMXI



CARE

R.W.H.

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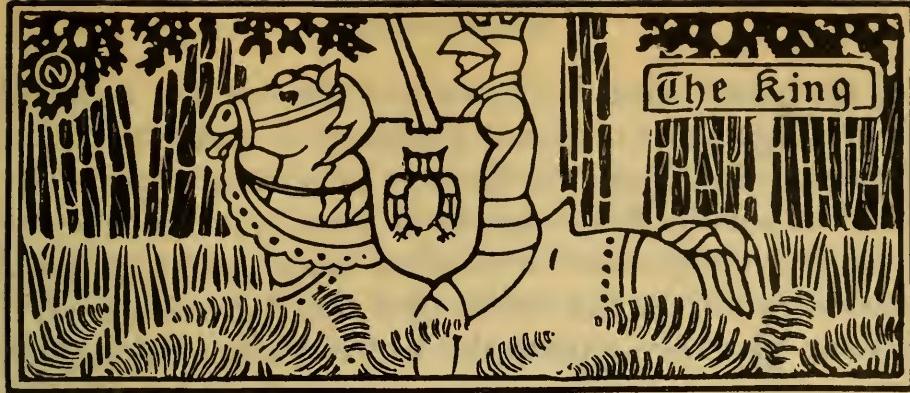


TAYLOR
NASH &
TAYLOR

*The author and the composer gratefully
acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr.
Isaac O. Upham and to those members
through whose generosity the publication
of this book has been made possible.*

*Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream
That over Persian roses flew to kiss
The curled lashes of Semiramis.
Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream.
Provence and Troubadour are merest lies.
The glorious hair of Venice was a beam
Made within Titian's eye. The sunsets seem,
The world is very old and nothing is.
Be still. Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,
Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart,
But patter in the darkness of thy heart.
Thy brain is plagued. Thou art a frightened owl
Blind with the light of life thou'ldst not forsake,
And Error loves and nourishes thy soul.*

—TRUMBULL STICKNEY.



INTRODUCTION

“After the practise the theory.”

IT IS now nine years since the first grove play—*The Man in the Forest*, by Charles K. Field, with music by Joseph D. Redding—was produced by the Bohemian Club. Since that time the plays that have been given at the annual Midsummer Jinks have presented many interesting phenomena. They have exhibited, for example, the methods employed by the various authors to fit their works into the peculiar physical conditions of our forest theatre with its hillside stage, and the manner in which they have sought to interpret the spirit of “The Grove.”

The term “Grove spirit” is at best an illusive one, connoting as it does a wide range of implications from an ordinary and traditional sentiment to those subtler æsthetic reactions which the possibilities for the creation of art that reside in the place arouse. It is the “Grove spirit” that produces the grove play; an art-work for presentation in a theatre completely and happily independent of all extra-æsthetic considerations of popular or commercial success; an art-work of which the author is absolute autocrat, not only of its literary content but

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of the production itself, provided he has the technical knowledge and experience necessary to make him independent of a stage-manager. It is such an opportunity as this that the Bohemian Club gives to its members—an opportunity which it is safe to say is not to be found anywhere else in the world. But the Bohemian Club is able to give this opportunity because, and only because, of its Grove, which through its acquisition by the club was saved from destruction, and which may be said to crystallize for its devotees, in some spiritual sense, the universal love of Nature, and to concentrate this love within itself. It is not so much that the Bohemian Club possesses a certain number of acres of forest land, but that it possesses a certain portion of Nature—a certain portion of Beauty.

It is the “Grove spirit” that has spurred the musicians and writers of the club to undertake the labor of producing its grove plays—labor of such magnitude that persons who do not understand the “Grove spirit” wonder that so much effort and enthusiasm should be expended upon plays which are not only produced but once, but which are so shaped to the conditions of the theatre that a repetition elsewhere (even were it desired, which it is not) would be impossible. It is the “Grove spirit” that induces the actors and those who assist in the production—from the stage-director to the man who plants a fern on the hillside—to do each his quota of the labor, to perform each his service for the Cause, the Cause of Beauty. It is this condition, foreign to the practises of professionalism, that goes far toward upholding the æsthetic standard of the Bohemian productions. Lastly, it is the “Grove spirit” that makes a certain number of the audience—by reason of their possession or their apprehen-

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sion of it—feel that they are participants in a rite, *not* spectators at an entertainment.

The ritualistic character of the grove play is its most precious heritage from the earlier festivals of the club. It is the single modern instance of the communal idea in relation to the theatre; the recrudescence of the spirit of the essentially ritualistic Greek drama; the most nearly complete realization of the dream of free art.

This ritualistic character of the grove play is expressed through the Care motive, the Bohemia or Preserver motive, and the Brotherhood motive. The first of these motives is commonly introduced by means of a character in the play symbolizing the Spirit of Care. Again and again, through the fabric of poetry, music, and spectacle, this maleficent spirit obtrudes his hideous presence, uttering threats and vituperation, only to be discomfited and slain in the end by some god or hero symbolizing goodness and right who is the savior of the grove and its denizens. The Preserver motive enters in the person of the conqueror of Care. The Brotherhood motive is usually presented in a speech by this central character or some other, forming a peroration at or near the end of the play, in which the philosophic purpose or message of the play is expressed.

All of these ritualistic elements enter into the construction of *The Green Knight*. I have not, however, rendered the Brotherhood motive as founded in the Christian tenet of the brotherhood of humanity, but as the brotherhood of art, bound together—not too closely, it is true—by the pagan notion of the worship of beauty. This pagan ideal is expressed in *The Green Knight* in terms of Christianity. I have sought at the same time to express in the solitary figure of the Green Knight, even

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as he proclaims the divine attributes of Beauty, the ultimate loneliness of the artist.

In considering the development of the grove play, the most interesting facts presented are, first, the originality of form, and, second, the manner in which the tastes and tendencies of the authors—now classic, now romantic—have been expressed in types of plays which are readily classifiable.

There are four classes or types of grove plays. These are, the romantic-realistic (*The Man in the Forest*, by Charles K. Field, and *The Cave Man*, by the same author), the romantic-idealistic (*The Hamadryads*, by Will Irwin, and *The Triumph of Bohemia*, by George Sterling), the historical (*Montezuma*, by Louis A. Robertson, and *St. Patrick at Tara*, by H. Morse Stephens), and the mythological (*The Quest of the Gorgon*, by Newton J. Tharp, and *The Sons of Baldur*, by Herman Scheffauer).

In all of these plays a conscious or unconscious originality of form has been manifested in certain characteristics distinct from those that have been inherited from other types of the drama, from music-drama, and from opera. The influence of different genres may be observed operating in varying degrees according to the leanings of the authors and composers. I have pointed out in *The Bohemian Jinks, a Treatise*, the curious and interesting parallelisms with the Elizabethan masque that have been displayed in some of the grove plays.

On the occasion of the production of *The Hamadryads*, in 1904, I alluded to the marked trend toward a “new art form” exhibited in that play. I have abundant reason for doubting that my meaning was generally understood, for since that time the term “new form” has been applied with the greatest looseness and impertinence (in the stricter

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sense of the word) to all the grove plays. In point of fact the tendency toward a new form—other than in certain peculiarities of shape imposed by the conditions—has not been evinced to any considerable extent except in *The Hamadryads* and *The Triumph of Bohemia*. (It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this asseveration has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the other grove plays as works of literary and musical art.)

It will be noted that these two plays belong to the class that has been described as romantic-idealistic. They are essentially imaginative in plot and employ only supernatural characters or, as in Mr. Sterling's play, certain mortals removed from the realm of the spectator's universe by the magic of poetry. They differ from *The Man in the Forest* and *The Cave Man* in the fact that although the last-mentioned plays are imaginative in plot they seek to depict *realistically* the facts of human experience. *The Hamadryads* and *The Triumph of Bohemia* differ from all the other grove plays in the fundamental fact that the plots of all the other plays have been based to a greater or less extent upon historical or mythological characters and texts.

In addressing myself to the task of writing a grove play I found myself under the necessity either of selecting one of the established classes in which to couch my endeavor or of producing a play that should call for a new classification. It is the latter course that I have chosen.

Taking the romantic-idealistic type of grove play as a foundation I have attempted to carry on in *The Green Knight* the trend toward form implicit in *The Hamadryads* and *The Triumph of Bohemia*; to reduce this tendency to a canon of stage art conditioned by the physical character and the spirit of the Bohemian Grove.

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This attempt is due to no trivial desire to do the thing differently, but is born of an anarchic conviction which is the result of some eight years' study of the grove play as a problem in æsthetics.

To contend that in art the only things worth doing are the things that have not been done is, in the opinion of most persons, to utter a heresy ; it is as a matter of fact to utter what is almost a platitude. But in doing the thing that has not been done, it is not sufficient that the artist should depart from precedent — he must advance his art. As Wagner says in *A Communication to My Friends*, the artist must “necessarily throw forward to the future the realization of his highest artistic wish, as to a life enfranchised from the tyranny of both Monument and Mode.” The same idea was expressed by Paul Gauguin when he remarked to a friend, “In art there are only revolutionists and plagiarists.”

The most revolutionary departure from the earlier forms of the grove play effected in *The Green Knight* is the elimination of singing. I have obtained thereby for the grove play a divorce (alas, only an interlocutory decree) from its *mésalliance* with opera, the strumpet of art.

It would be a work of supererogation at this time of day to state the case against opera. Voltaire called works in the genre, “monstrous and unnatural productions,” and the majority of æstheticians since his time have taken their flings at its fallacies. Wagner, who wrote his hundreds of pages to expose these fallacies, gives us the kernel of the whole question in a single sentence upon which he bestows all the emphasis of bold type. “The error,” he says, “in the art-genre of Opera consists herein: that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the End of expression (the Drama) has been made a means.”

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The omission of singing may be considered a sacrifice, but it is a sacrifice only of what is termed "effectiveness." With this and other threadbare means of achieving "effectiveness" ready to hand, I have preferred to put them aside rather than avail myself of their cheap aid, and to depend upon suggestion for the higher effectiveness, the less immediate but more profound response. Gordon Craig says in an essay on *The Artists of the Theatre of the Future*: "Once let the meaning of this word Beauty begin to be thoroughly felt once more in the theatre, and we may say that the awakening day of the theatre is near. Once let the word 'effective' be wiped off our lips, and they will be ready to speak this word Beauty."

It has been my purpose therefore to create an art-work that is entirely imaginative and that is informed with beauty—a drama that shall invite, not the superficial emotive response, but a response of the spirit, less easily to be attained and for that reason more to be desired. In other words, I have aimed not so much at expression as at evocation—not so much at statement (which is never art) as at suggestion (in which art has its only existence). I am depending on the receptive imagination of the auditor and the spectator, without which, as Joubert says, "*la sensibilité est réduit au moment où l'on existe; les sensations sont plus vives, plus courtes, et n'ont point d'harmonie dans leur succession.*"

The chief factors of dramatic "effectiveness," as it is understood in the debauched theatre of commerce, are "Human Interest" and "Sex Interest," operating through sentiment and passion rather than through intellect. Now human interest as an appeal to sentiment or as a bid for success is an extra-aesthetic consideration, and extra-aesthetic considerations, as I have already said, have (ideally) no

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place in the grove play. The human motive (which is and must be the foundation of all drama) is expressed in *The Green Knight* symbolically. "We are coming closer to nature, as we seem to shrink from it with something of horror," says Arthur Symons in *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*. "And as we brush aside the accidents of daily life, in which men and women feel that they are alone touching reality, we come closer to humanity."

I have dispensed with the sex element entirely, not only because it is not essential to free drama, but because it has no place in the *ritual* of a man's club. Another reason for this omission is that in the grove play female characters must be figured by men, and it is better to avoid such a demand upon illusion.

I do not intend to make here an exhaustive analysis of the form of *The Green Knight*, but merely to consider some of its archetectonic elements in their æsthetic and technical aspects. I have prefaced these considerations with the phrase, "After the practise the theory" (which I borrow from the title-page of that most precious of magazines devoted to the drama, *The Mask*), because much that is here set down in terms of theory was, in the planning and composition of the play, the expression of temperamental inclination. I mean by this that I did not in preparing my scenario measure the classic element introduced in the adjustments essential to form with the foot rules of Aristotle or Lessing, nor in writing the play did I weigh the romantic elements of suggestion and atmosphere in the scales of Plato, Rousseau, Novalis, or Schlegel. Whatever appearance of adjustment between the classic and the romantic elements there may be has been instinctive rather than deliberate.

The Green Knight bears the sub-title, "A Vision." I

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have attempted in it to externalize the illusion of a dream ; to conjure from the hillside a drama of “the Other-World of Dreams,” peopled with beings of fancy whose existence is of the present as is the existence of the unsubstantial creatures that visit us in sleep. It is a drama of the *spiritual* macrocosm of which the *spirit* of the spectator is the microcosm.

I have endeavored to keep secret from the members of the club the nature of the play and the identity of the participants in order to carry the illusion as far as possible toward that perfection in which the individuality of the actor is completely lost in that of the character he figures.

One cannot consider the question of illusion without one's mind turning to the *Pensées* of Joubert from which I have quoted above. I cannot do better here, however, than to set down an epitome of his “thoughts” on this subject as given by Professor Babbitt in his delightful book, *The New Laokoon*: “Joubert remarks . . . that spirit and matter come into relation with one another only through the medium of illusion ; and he goes on to say some of the most penetrating things that have been said by any writer about the rôle of imaginative illusion in mediating between the lower and the higher nature of man. . . . Joubert, then, conceives it to be the rôle of the imagination, mediating as it does between sense and reason, to lend its magic and glamour to the latter, to throw as it were a veil of divine illusion over some essential truth.”

In all the grove plays there has been a primary distinction in form imposed by the physical conditions of the locus and by the fact that they are restricted in length. It is to be observed also that the best examples conform to the Greek unities of time, place, and action. Again,

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the scene is necessarily laid in a forest, although in one instance (*Montezuma*) this fact was ignored. Other characteristics that have obtained in some of the grove plays though not in all should, in the writer's opinion, be regarded as principles of the form. These are:

(1) The setting should have no relation to geography. The spectator should not be called upon to adjust his mind to regarding the action as taking place in this or that locality, as was the case in *Montezuma* when he was asked to consider the stage as the summit of a *teocalli* in Mexico, and in *St. Patrick at Tara* in which the action purported to take place in Ireland. With the opportunity that the writers of grove plays have to get away from the artificial conditions of the playhouse it seems unwise for them to demand an adjustment that is not only psychologically impossible but unnecessary. For this reason I maintain that the scene of a grove play should be as it has been in most of them, simply "a forest."

(2) For similar reasons the time should be indeterminate, not, for example, in 1520 as in *Montezuma* or in 432 as in *St. Patrick*.

(3) Since the performance takes place at night, the action of the play should not call for daylight, artificially and unconvincingly created by means of calciums.

The tendency toward definiteness of form may be said to exist in the fulfilment of these principles, and their actual fulfilment is found in Mr. Irwin's *The Hamadryads* and in Mr. Sterling's *The Triumph of Bohemia*. To carry on this trend toward form and to fashion a play that should not only contain these principles, but should borrow none of its elements of form from other genres—poetic drama, music-drama, opera—has been my object in writing *The Green Knight*. In other words, my purpose has been to

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establish within a limited field a new canon of the drama. How successful I have been my readers must judge for themselves.

The first step in this revolutionary attempt was, as I have stated above, to divorce the grove play from opera while retaining the factors of poetry and music in a more legitimate intimacy. The most important principle introduced in the play has to do with the interrelation and balance of the three factors of poetry, music, and spectacle. It may be stated as a formula thus: *The duration and content of the successive and concurrent episodes of poetry, music, and spectacle are adjusted to a purely æsthetic demand for an alteration of interest.* That is to say, when one element or a combination of elements has held the attention to a point whereat a new interest for the eye or the ear is æsthetically desirable, a new interest is supplied. It is a function of criticism to determine at what point the introduction of a new interest is æsthetically desirable; it is the artist's business to see that the new interest shall be æsthetically adequate. To restate the principle by means of illustration: If the music give way to poetry, the episode during which the orchestra is silent must not be prolonged beyond the point whereat the reintroduction of music would be æsthetically desirable; *per contra*, an episode that is chiefly musical or one that is chiefly spectacular must be *relieved* by another element before it is carried into the quicksands of tedium. It will be readily seen how the adjustment of the various elements may be made to affect the movement of the action.

Some of my readers, credulous of the chimera Inspiration, have already satisfied themselves that a work constructed by such means must perforce show the traces of

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its mechanical creation, but the determining of the episodes is a thing arrived at not through intelle^ction but through æsthetic judgment. The arrangement is objectified on the basis of the hypothetical psychoses of the "ideal spectator"; that is to say, it is approximated by the artist to what he *feels*, not to what he *thinks* are the desires of the person of taste.

It is by the addition of the element of music to the elements of poetry and spectacle that the grove play is differentiated from the various forms of poetic drama. It must be noted also that the relation of the music to the other elements is often (and should always be) of a sort that makes the music more than merely incidental. In spite of the fact that *The Green Knight* contains no singing, the musical element is given in this play greater prominence, independence, and responsibility than it has had in other grove plays. It plays a more important part in the *structure* of the play. It is brought, in fact, to a point beyond which it would be impossible to go without forcing upon the music an over-emphasis that would be destructive of artistic symmetry. "The relation in which music places itself to poetry," says Ambros, "is peculiar when it has the mission of uniting itself to a *spoken drama*." Continuing with a consideration of certain works of this kind, particularly Beethoven's *Egmont* music, he says, "Compositions of the kind address the theatre in the language of Scipio: '*Nec ossa mea habebis, ingrata patria*,' throw around themselves the beggar's cloak of a 'connecting declamation,' and withdraw into the concert hall.

"‘Why, ye poor fools, for such a paltry end,
Plague the coy muse, and court her fair regards?’”

"It is extremely hard," he concludes, "for the composer to hit the golden mean so as not on the one hand

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to let his music sink down to padding and patchwork, nor, on the other hand, to claim obtrusively too great independent value by the side of the poetical work."

The real difficulty lies in the fact that works of this sort are never the result of a true collaboration. The musician takes the finished work of the poet and applies music to it as one might apply color to a statue. Such a method as this prevents the music from being an integral part of the art-work. Eliminate the music and the poetic text retains its integrity — its completeness. It might be argued that a "lyrical action" written in collaboration by Maeterlinck and Debussy would be a finer work of art *quâ* art than the *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Maeterlinck *plus* Debussy which Lawrence Gilman calls "the perfect music-drama." Of such a work George Lilley could not say as he does of *Pelléas et Mélisande* in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, "a few incidents have been omitted, sacrificed of necessity to considerations of duration."

It will hardly be denied that, ideally, an art-work involving both poetry and music should be conceived in terms of the two arts. It is this method that Mr. Stricklen and the writer employed in *The Green Knight*. The musical element in its association with the plot was completely worked out before the composition of the music or the writing of the play was begun. The two elements, together with the *mise en scène* (spectacle, lighting, stage-craft, costume, etc.), were given form concurrently and each episode was completed before passing to the next. As a result of this method there are ten episodes in which the music is an essential part of the dramatic structure. In three of these poetry plays a subordinate part; in one, a part equivalent to the music; and in six, the music carries the discourse unassisted by the spoken word. It

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is curious to note in this connection what Wagner has to say in *Opera and Drama* on the subject of collaboration. His remarks are particularly interesting because, in the minds of most persons, Wagner stands committed to the one-man method that he himself employed. He says:

“The Poet and Musician are very well thinkable as two persons. In fact the Musician, in his practical intermediation between the poetic aim and its final bodily realization through an actual scenic representation, might necessarily be conditioned by the Poet as a separate person, and, indeed, a *younger* than himself.... This younger person, through standing closer to Life’s instinctive utterance—especially (*auch*) in its lyric moments,—might well appear to the more experienced, more reflecting Poet, as more fitted to *realize* his aim than he himself is.” Wagner did not undertake collaboration for the reasons contained in the following passage: “If we consider the present attitude assumed by Poet and Musician toward one another, and if we find it ordered by the same maxims of self-restriction and egoistic severance, as those which govern all the factors of our modern social State: then we cannot but feel that, in an unworthy public system where every man is bent upon shining for himself alone, *there* none but the individual Unit can take into himself the spirit of Community, and cherish it and develop it according to his powers.” He adds in a note, “No one can be better aware than myself, that the realization of this [“Perfected”] Drama depends on conditions which do not lie within the will, nay, not even within the capability (*Fähigkeit*) of the Unit, but only in Community, and in a mutual co-operation made possible thereby.”*

*Richard Wagner’s Prose Works, translated by William Ashton Ellis. Vol. II (*Opera and Drama*), pp. 355-356.

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We come now to characteristics of the play which have to do with both the static element of form and the dynamic element of treatment. These are (1) the employment of musical accompaniment for spoken lines and (2) the variation of rhythms.

To ignore the possibilities of the human voice combined with music or treated as an instrument itself is to ignore a field for æsthetic effort that has been only partially explored and one that offers many allurements and opportunities. We have behind us in this field certain forms of the Greek *μελοποιία*, the melologues of Berlioz, and the recitative of the Italians and of Wagner. In our own time we have the musical elocution of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the experiments in accompanied recitation made by William Butler Yeats and Arnold Dolmetsch, and many works of the type of Richard Strauss's *melodrame* setting of *Enoch Arden*, which Arthur Symons describes as done "after that hopelessly wrong fashion which Schumann set in his lovely music to *Manfred*." To these may be added the banalities of free musical accompaniment to the spoken word.

The reader will find in Mr. Stricklen's *Synopsis of the Music* an illustration of the method we have employed in associating the "word-speech" and the "tone-speech" in one of the episodes of *The Green Knight*. It will be noted therein how the method differs from others in that the relation of the word-speech and tone-speech does not depend merely upon occasional fixed or arbitrary points of contact, but provides a virtually unbroken parallel between the rhythm pattern of the poetry and that of the accompaniment. The music has been consistently *brought to the words* in both configuration and atmosphere. In Debussy's method the voice part (according to Lawrence

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Gilman "an electrified and heightened form of speech") though unmelodic is still musical; that is to say, musical intervals and variations of pitch based on these intervals are taken into account. It calls for what Aristoxenus termed the "discrete" as against the "continuous" movement of the voice. In the method employed for *The Green Knight* no account is taken in the voice part of the restricted musical intervals, for, although much has been done by Helmholtz, Merkel, and others toward determining the relative pitch of the voice in pronouncing the various sounds of the vowels and in the variations arising from accent and emphasis, it is impossible to indicate the pitch of the human voice except on the basis of the restricted intervals of the musical scale. Musical notation has been employed to indicate the quantitative value of syllable and pause producing the rhythm pattern of the speech which is the basis of the musical parallel.

The variation of rhythms alluded to above is carried out in the assignment of different rhythms to different characters. The employment of different rhythms for purposes of variety is characteristic of the Greek drama and occurs in plays of all periods, but as far as I can ascertain no attempt has before been made to identify certain rhythms with certain characters. The various rhythms employed in *The Green Knight* are intended to bear an atmospheric relation to the attributes of the characters, each rhythm constituting a kind of poetic *leitmotif*. The lines that may be said to form the dramatic framework of the play are in the unrhymed iambic pentameter of ordinary blank verse. In this class fall the lines of the Black Knight (except in the invocation to Sathanas for which a dactylic rhythm is employed), the Prince, Sathanas, Archolon, and the King. The Elf-King whose

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lines are lyrical speaks in rhymed trimeter and tetrameter. To Madolor the malignant and scurrilous dwarf a rhythmical prose is given. The Green Knight, after the silence he maintains for some time following his entrance, finally speaks in trochaic rhythm which is brought into immediate contrast with the iambic measures of the other characters and is intended to emphasize his divine aloofness. In his final speech, an apostrophe to Beauty, which by reason of the relation that its content bears to the play as a whole should have a salient character of its own, I have preserved the trochaic rhythm of his other speeches and have sought to attain the desired effect by adding the dactylic foot of the hendecasyllabic verse.

There is much that might be said of a technical nature regarding such elements of the grove play as the lighting, the arrangement or composition of the spectacle in its relation to the scale of the hillside, the functions of costume, color psychology, etc., but these matters are of interest only to the technician.

In a play such as I have endeavored to produce in *The Green Knight*—a play in which atmosphere, illusion, suggestion are primary considerations—acting, as it is commonly practised and commonly understood, would defeat the playwright's aim. The effort of the individual actor to be in his own part as “effective” as possible could result in nothing but the tearing asunder of whatever veil of illusion may have been woven by Poetry on the loom of Nature. It is interpretation, therefore, rather than acting that will be sought in the production.

As I end these considerations, written at a time when the realization of the work of which they treat is not far distant, I may be forgiven if I close with the same words in which three years ago I concluded my book on

Introduction

the grove plays of the Bohemian Club. In doing so I hope that I have not failed to live up to the ideals therein expressed:

“At a time when the creative impulses that stir in this far Western country with its smiling Italian skies and its atmosphere of the youth of the world; a land hospitable to the seeds of art that, even amid the weeds of provincialism and the worms of bourgeois bigotry and ignorance, give promise of blossoms with something of the fineness and rarity of old-world flowers—one cannot but speculate upon the destiny of this interesting exotic, the Bohemian Club grove play. Has it said all that it has to say? Is the spell of *The Hamadryads*, the sustained charm of *The Triumph of Bohemia* to be reached again? Will the balance between the various factors—the dramatic, the musical, and the spectacular—be maintained, or will the zeal of the actor, of the musician, or of the artist tend, by forcing an over-emphasis upon one of these factors, to formulate a new type or cause a reversion to an old one? Should any of these things occur the grove plays will undoubtedly lose the distinction that they now have and will become mere reflections of other forms of stage presentation. . . . The greatest danger is that they will degenerate into more or less commonplace drama or opera. Like water that has been carried to a height they will sink to their own level again the moment the force that has driven them upward is withdrawn. Having its origin in the drama the grove play has been swept, one might say, by ‘the supreme interference of beauty,’ in a series of concatenated creative impulses into what is as much entitled to the name of a new art form as the Wagnerian music-drama. It remains to be seen whether or not it will revert to the parent stock and be lost as a distinct genre.

Introduction

“ Ideally it should be poetic not only in treatment but in conception ; the musical element should not be melodramatic, but conceived in the same poetic spirit; and the whole interpreted discreetly by action and spectacle.

“ With these qualities the Bohemian grove play gives to those who react to its spirit, who appreciate it in its relation to its environment, and who register its implications, an impression of what can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a mysterious and unforgettable dream.”

P. G.

Berkeley, California.

July 14, 1911.

PERSONS OF THE VISION

NEOTIOS, <i>a wood-god</i>	MR. HERBERT HERON
THE GREEN KNIGHT	MR. ERNEST S. SIMPSON
THE BLACK KNIGHT	MR. MARSHALL DARRACH
THE ELF-KING	MR. CHARLES K. FIELD
THE PRINCE	MR. HAROLD K. BAXTER
MADOLOR, <i>a dwarf</i>	MR. WILLIAM H. SMITH, JR.
ARCHOLON, <i>a priest</i>	MR. CHARLES C. TROWBRIDGE
SATHANAS } THE KING }	MR. JOHN HOUSMAN
AN ELF	MR. HARRIS C. ALLEN
FIRST KNIGHT	MR. JAMES G. MELVIN
SECOND KNIGHT	MR. ROBERT MELVIN
THIRD KNIGHT	MR. GEORGE PURLENKY
FOURTH KNIGHT	MR. THEODORE G. ELLIOTT
AN ANGEL	MR. HARRY P. CARLTON

Elves, Goblins, Moonbeams, Captives

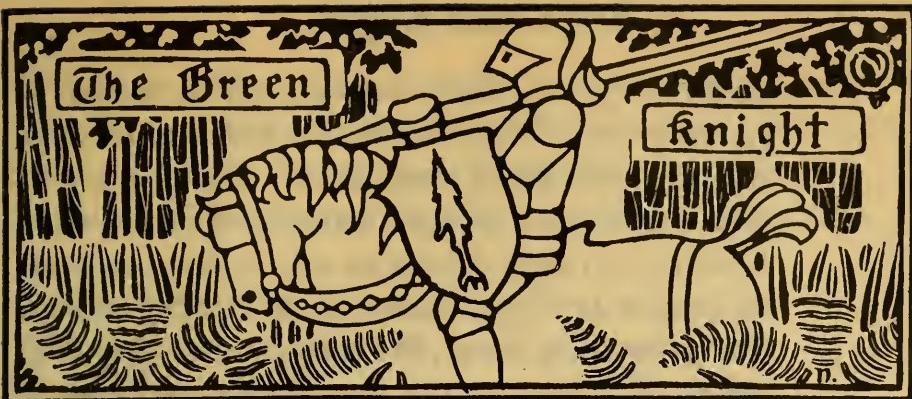
TIME : The Present, a Midsummer Night

PLACE : A Forest in the Other-World of Dreams

The author has been assisted by Mr. Edward J. Duffey in the technical execution of the lighting scheme, by Mr. Harry Stuart Fonda in the preparation of the stage and properties, by Mr. George B. de Long in devising and rehearsing the Dance of the Moonbeams, and by Messrs. Harris C. Allen and Edward E. Jones in devising and rehearsing the Dance of the Elves.

ORCHESTRA: *Eight first violins, six second violins, four violas, four violoncellos, four double-basses, two flutes (piccolo), two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two trumpets, four horns, three trombones, tuba, harp, tympani and drums. Concert Master, William F. Hofmann.*

Conductor, Edward G. Stricklen.



THE GREEN KNIGHT

It is just before moonrise. The place is at the foot of a wooded hillside in a forest of gigantic trees. In the foreground there is an open space or glade, around which the clean shafts of the trees rise to a great height. Their branches, bearing heavy foliage, extend to a height as great again and are lost in the blackness of the night sky. The nearest trees frame the view of the glade and hillside. The latter is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. As the moon rises it may be seen that the slope at the back of the glade is an open space more or less irregularly inclosed by trees. It terminates well up the ascent at a group of three trees. Beyond, a dense growth of foliage shuts off from view the upper part of the hill. Below this point the terraces of the hillside are covered with ferns and vines, through which a winding path, wholly concealed by the luxuriant foliage, crosses and recrosses the hillside at different levels. It reaches the floor of the glade at the back and on the left, from which point it ranges upward and into the wood on that side. This wild spot is in the innermost depths of a great forest in the Other-World of Dreams. From a tree near the place where the path enters, a dull brazen shield is suspended.

[The sound of a harp is faintly heard from the darkness. As it continues a dim light appears behind two great trees on the farther side of the

The Green Knight

glade. It grows more intense until it becomes a golden glow. From the thicket between the two trees a naked youth steps forth. On his head he wears a wreath of vine leaves and in his hand he carries a rustic cithara on which, for a moment, he is seen to play a succession of rippling chords. The glow fades away, but a mysterious light illuminates the figure of the youth. He gazes about wonderingly and then walks slowly forward until he reaches the middle of the glade. Wonderingly he speaks.]

NEOTIOS

Temple of Peace! within thy noble walls
In humbleness I stand who am a god.

Here have I come from out the secret wood—
Neotios, the son of Pan. Behold,
O mortals favored by the sight of one
No mortal eye has ever seen before—
Behold a humble god and be not proud!
Abase yourselves before these silent trees
Wrapped in the solemn mantle of the night;
For tho' ye all be lovers of the woods,
And for this reason I am sent to you,
Bearing the message of my father, yet,
Love not as masters but as servitors;
Think not yourselves too great, O men, for here,
Amid these giant monuments of eld,
Ye are but puny things that live and die
Like traceless moments in eternity!
Be lovers, then, but humble lovers. Yield
All reverence to your leafy masters. Bow
Before them, worship them, and know content.

The Green Knight

Thus have all wise men worshiped forest fanes
Since forests granted grateful shade to man,
And wood-gods hid where netted shadows fell,
Or danced and wantoned with the shining nymphs.

And now, ye mortals, ye that give your hearts
To labor and to strife and earthly hopes,
And, giving, suffer 'neath the crush of Care,—
Because ye have not bartered all your souls,
But saved for him a moiety of love,
Pan bids me give you greeting in his name.

Welcome, mortals, to this charmèd grove !
Welcome to this temple old and dim !
Welcome to this dwelling-place of peace !
Forget your toil, remember not your strife,
And banish from ye every thought of care !
So may ye, like to little children who
In innocence lie down to rest, be lulled
To an enchanted sleep wherein the night
Shall fabric visions for your souls' delight.

Dream, mortal men! Dream!... Dream!...
Dream!... Dream!... This hour
Is granted unto you by gracious gods....
Dream, mortal men, while breezes thro' the boughs
Waft strains of gentlest music to your ears!...
Hark! litanies of trembling moonlit leaves
Invite my lyre....

[*He strikes his cithara and continuing to play rippling chords he speaks the following lines.*]

The echoes answer low....

Dream, mortal men!... Soon, chord on sounding chord,

The Green Knight

The forest will be swept with melody....

Sleep!... Dream!... Forget dull Care!...

Farewell!...

[*As he speaks the last words NEOTIOS slowly leaves the glade playing on his cithara and pausing after each admonition. The rippling chords of the cithara are expressed by a series of arpeggios on the harp. They form the introduction to the Prelude, which is now played. The glade and hillside remain empty, dark, and silent. The discourse of the Prelude begins with an interpretation of the mysteries of the forest and the night. Certain motives are then introduced that foreshadow the episodes of the vision. The more important of these—the Green Knight motive and the Black Knight or Care motive—recur frequently. The music swells from the murmurings indicative of the forest at night to the thunders of the Conflict Music and again sinks into its woodland character. A new theme—that of the Elf-King—finally enters, and, at the same time, a figure is vaguely seen moving about in the semi-darkness. The Elf-King motive is developed while the figure, which is that of the ELF-KING, approaches gradually from the darkness until, coming quite near, the rays of the rising moon fall upon him. Over a green hose he wears a short, close-fitting tunic of overlapping green leaves, touched with red and gold. His high sandals are of gold; he wears a head-dress of gold and jewels, fashioned in the form of an owl. A long cloak of dark green gossamer, richly embroidered in gold, flows from his shoulders. He carries a golden wand tipped with jewels. The music continues as he speaks.*]

The Green Knight

THE ELF-KING

O Night, once more, once more
I welcome thee! . . .

At last

Thy shadowy cloak is cast
Upon the woodland's floor.
What mysteries outpour
From forest chambers vast,
From aged trees and hoar,
Proud heritors of lore,
Rich coffers of the past!
What golden music sifts
Among the boughs, and lifts
Its melody on high
Where like a flower drifts
The moon across the sky!

Now Nature in a swoon
Of love forgets the noon,
And treetops, tower-stemmed,
Are brightly diademmed
By yonder pallid moon;
A silver lily there,
In gardens of the air,
With pale star-blossoms gemmed—
Pale blossoms that have hemmed
The dusky robe of Night
With broideries of light
Since golden stars and white
The fair moon made more fair.

On all the world sweet Sleep
Now casts her subtle power;

The Green Knight

No life defies the hour;
No living thing, no flower
But nestles in the dark;
No creature dares to peep
From bramble shadows deep;
No cry of beast or bird
In all the wood is heard;
No voice . . . no sound. . . .

[*An owl hoots softly.*]

But hark!

The owl's nocturnal note
Gainsays my wasted word;
Mysterious and remote,
His dreary measures float
Afar off to the shore
Of the land that's called—No More.

[*High on the path in the direction of the moon the youthful figure of a moonbeam, clad in diaphanous garments of pale blue, white, and silver, and crowned with silver rays, appears and descends to the glade. Other moonbeams—twelve in all—follow at intervals.*]

Lo! down yon pathway steep
The silent moonbeams creep,
As from a languid cloud
The moon, with silver prowed,
Sails on the searchless deep.
With noiseless feet they troop
Where topmost branches droop;
Thro' massy trees and tall,
See how they softly fall
Like petals on the ground;
Like petals wreathing round,

The Green Knight

They fall without a sound.
Come, moonbeams silver-white!
Come, moonbeams silver-bright!
To woodland dark and dumb,
Come, moonbeams! . . . Come! . . .
Come! Come!

[As each moonbeam reaches a position in the glade he sinks gently to the ground, his filmy draperies spread about him, and remains motionless until all have so disposed themselves. The music now merges into a slow dance and, one by one, the moonbeams rise and begin to glide about the glade, moving rhythmically around them their floating draperies. In this wise they slip in and out of the shadows cast by the great trees. The ELF-KING ascends to a station on the lower hillside whence he watches the dancing moonbeams. After a time, he speaks.]

Dance on, dance on, ye moonbeams bright!
Before your gleaming footsteps, see,
A shadow hides behind each tree,
As tho' it could not bear the sight
Of phantoms that adorn the night.
Dance on, while to this charmèd spot,
From bower, coppice, nook, and grot,—
From forest shades to drifts of light,
I summon goblin, elf, and sprite.

[The ELF-KING turns toward the hillside and, waving his wand now tipped with a point of light, utters a call.]

Ho . . . ya-ho . . . yahoyahoyaho!

[An echo repeats the call from the direction of the hill, and, at the same moment, a number of tiny

The Green Knight

lights are seen darting hither and thither on the slope. The ELF-KING calls again.]

Ho...ya-ho...yahoyahoyaho!

[*The call is again repeated by an echo. Now the heads of elves and goblins peep from the shrubbery, and, springing from their hiding-places, the fairy folk come pouring down into the glade to the accompaniment of sprightly elfin music and form themselves into two rings. One of these is in the glade itself and the other surrounds the ELF-KING on his elevation. In this wise the elves and goblins dance about merrily. The moonbeams withdraw from the center to the outskirts of the glade, and continue to sway their draperies rhythmically. Finally the elfin rings break. The goblins run about pursuing one another playfully. One tries to escape his pursuer by hiding behind the cloak of the ELF-KING. Others play leap-frog. Still others dart in and out among the dancing elves. The ELF-KING looks on indulgently. The Dance of the Elves has continued for some time when the Black Knight or Care theme is heard. The ELF-KING starts and listens. The Care theme is heard again. He displays increasing alarm.*]]

What sound drives silence from the gloom,
Where awful shadows gauntly loom,
And echoes with the threat of doom?

[*He listens. The Care theme is heard more insistently.*]

Once more the forest sighs, once more
The vagrom winds a warning pour
From hilltop high to forest floor.

[*He comes down among the dancing elves and raises*

The Green Knight

his hand. The elves stop dancing and gather about him.]

Hold!... Stop!... Give heed!...

AN ELF

Nay, nay, I plead!
I pray!

THE ELF-KING

Peace!... Peace!...
Your dancing cease!...
Hark!... Hark!... There!... There!...
He comes!... Beware
Relentless Care!

AN ELF [*protesting*]

No, no!

THE ELF-KING [*cautioning*]

Go!..... Go!.....
Thro' dark aisles glide!...
In bracken hide...
In grasses lush...
In vine and brush...
Hush!...
Away!... Away!...
Obey!...

[As the ELF-KING admonishes them, the elves, goblins, and moonbeams withdraw stealthily and enter the shrubbery where they disappear. The ELF-KING is the last to leave the glade, which now remains empty. During this scene the music is reduced to fragmentary phrases of the Dance of the Elves and the music of the forest at night that was heard

The Green Knight

in the Prelude. Under these the Care theme is heard at intervals, with greater power at each repetition. As the ELF-KING leaves the glade the Care motive reaches its full development, and the BLACK KNIGHT appears on the lower hillside dragging the PRINCE after him by the wrist. The BLACK KNIGHT is clad in chain mail, a hood of which covers his head. Over his armor he wears a black surcoat with dagged edges that comes to his knees. On the breast of this is the device of a skull in yellowish white. His face is of a grey pallor and he wears a black beard. The PRINCE is habited in a white costume befitting his rank, though simple rather than rich. The BLACK KNIGHT strides down to the middle of the glade and flings the PRINCE violently to the ground. The music ceases. The PRINCE buries his face in his hands and weeps.]

THE BLACK KNIGHT [brutally]

There wash the earth with flood of desperate tears !
Weep, fool ! At last thy journey is at end —
Thy journey and thy peace. Thro' painful leagues
Of serried trees that mocked with dismal moans
Thy futile cries, we now at last are come
Unto the very bowels of the wood.
These halls of blackness are the tomb of hope ;
In this my dark abode thou shalt remain
And give me service till thy sickened soul
Is loosened by the clement sword of Death.
My shadow covers thee as with a pall ;
Let flow thy wild, hot tears, for nevermore
Shalt thou be plucked from out the shroud of Care.
Beneath that cruel sheet there is no rest ;

The Green Knight

Who sleeps therein must tenant dreams of pain,
Of anguish, and of fear. As stone on stone
Strikes sparks of sudden fire that quickly die,
So in thy cracking brain shall visions flash
Of bygone joys and agonies to be.
Yea, Memory turned monster shall unroll
Before thine eager eyes delighting scenes
Of feasts and pageants, gardens, warriors, slaves,
Soft maidens, music, love, and deep-hued wines.

THE PRINCE

No more, in pity! Ah, no more! no more!
See how these tears beseech thee! Let them melt
Thine iron heart; or, failing, word thy wish—
The king my father shall requite thee; yea,
E'en to his realm! Break thy design, and gold,
Like rain, shall pour upon thee. Thou shalt wade,
Thigh-deep, a golden river margined fair
By pebbled banks strewn all with jewels rare.
Have pity!

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Peace! Hope not, thou whining dog,
That weeping shall unproof my master will,
Nor deem I snatched thee from thy father's court
To let thee free for pity! Nay, thou swine!
Should every tear that drips from thy mad eyes
Become a splendid jewel at my feet,
Thou wouldst not lessen by a single pang
The anguish I ordain to feed my hate.
The king thy father, reft of his poor whelp,
Shall yield me tribute, not in riches vast,
But days and nights of sorrow till he dies.
E'en now he sits mid palace-splendors, dumb

The Green Knight

With grief. Thy mother, unconsoled, distraught,
In anguish wrings the hands that fondled thee;
Despair with cruel fingers tears her heart,
While Madness like a vulture hovers near
And mocks her prey....

THE PRINCE

Ah, fiend! vile fiend! of Hell's dark brood most vile!
Mine eyes forget their tears of anguish, yet
They weep for shame that thy befouling sight
Hath seen them weep. I do defy thee, fiend!

THE BLACK KNIGHT [*laughing*]

Thy rashness doth beguile me.... Like a flame
It burns from thy quick heart—from that quick heart
That I shall slowly crush as if it were
A nestling shivering helpless in my hand.
Thy woe shall pleasure me for many days;
Here shall I lesson thee to covet death;
To pant and cry for death's sweet mercy—yea,
And I shall laugh till Hell's black walls resound!

[*He laughs.*]

Come, Madolor! What ho! Ho, Madolor!

[*MADOLOR, a hideous, misshapen dwarf, enters. He is habited shabbily in greenish black. His short tunic has a hood that hangs down his back and he wears a wide belt of black leather. His hair is short and unkempt. He carries a human thigh-bone in his hand. A mysterious and ghastly light that seems to emanate from his person adds to his terrifying aspect. A red glint flashes from his eyes.*]

MADOLOR

Master, I am here.

The Green Knight

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Take thou this stripling!
A royal prize! He is the king's own son.

MADOLOR

Be thou the king's own son or bastard from the belly
of thy dam, thou shalt be chambered as thou never wast
before. Hard by, there is a cavern; on its miry floor
crawl vipers, toads, and filthy vermin. There, in slime
and ordure, thou shalt lie and spew thy heart.

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Thy purpose brims thy wish, good Madolor,
But hither hale my captives—they that rode
In proudest panoply beside the king.

[*To the PRINCE.*]

Thou touchest at thy doom and now shalt see
How I do break men's souls. Go, Madolor!

MADOLOR

I need no goading for this swineherd's work; it suits
my aspirations as maggots suit a bloated carcass festering
in the sun.

[*MADOLOR goes out. Darkness falls as from a cloud
passing across the moon. The BLACK KNIGHT
stands in the middle of the glade, illumined by a
dim and ghastly light.*]

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Now when the midnight
With horror and blackness
Spreadeth its wings
Like some foul bird of prey,

The Green Knight

Hear me, O Sathanas,
Hear me, thou mighty one,
Father of Sin
And begetter of Evil!
Hear me and judge me,
O monarch and master!

Thou, round whose iron throne
Raven forever
The flame and the roar
Of thy furnaces dread,
Mingled with cries
Of thy gibbering demons,
Pierced by the moans
And the shrieks of the damned;
Thou who tormentest
The spirits of dead men,
Hear me and see
How I strive in thy service—
Strive to embitter
The world with disaster;
Strive to load life
With the terrors of Hell!

Into my hands
Thou hast given the power
To smite all mankind
With the sharp scourge of Care;
Well have I labored,
And now in the passion
Of hatred's fulfilment
I glorify thee!

The Green Knight

Sathanas! . . . Sathanas! . . .
Answer thy servitor!
Sathanas! Answer me!
Father and lord!

[*The earth opens on the lower hillside, disclosing the red and luminous interior of a cavern. Flames are seen leaping within; thunder roars; lightning flashes through the forest. In the mouth of the cave stands SATHANAS, completely habited in black and wrapped in a black cloak.*]

SATHANAS

Thou serv'st me well, O son of mine, most well.
I am content with thee....
But falter not nor stay thy cruelties!
Let sink thy venom deeper in the breasts
Of men, and send them shuddering to their doom!
Cease not to sow corruption in the world;
So reap I fuller harvest for my fires!
With powers darker, more malign and fell
Thee I engird that thou may'st doubly serve
Thy lust and mine.... But cheat not Death too long!
Corrode with care the heart of innocence!
Defile the springs of happiness, and pollute
With lechery the virgin founts of love!
And yet, remember that 'tis I!... I!... I!...
Whom thou dost serve—I, Sathanas, thy god!
Hold not my victims to indulge thy hate!
Send to my house forthwith yon cringing thing
To feed the altar flames that leap and hiss
Upon the ruddy battlements of Hell!

[*SATHANAS disappears amid flames accompanied by thunder and lightning, and the cavern closes in darkness.*]

The Green Knight

THE PRINCE [*kneeling and crossing himself*]

O thou Almighty, everlasting God,
Defend thy servant in his peril and need!

[*Praying with repressed fervor*]

Illumina, quæsumus, Domine Deus, tenebras nostras;
et totius hujus noctis insidias tu a nobis repelle propitius.
Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum,
qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti Deus,
per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

[MADOLOR runs in and, approaching the BLACK KNIGHT, speaks with savage glee.]

MADOLOR

Hither comes the mongrel pack, as mangy dogs as ever
bitch gave birth to.

[As MADOLOR speaks the first of the captives enters.
Others singly or in twos and threes straggle in
slowly, walking with bowed heads. They are
garbed in long, shabby coats of sombre hues. As
the captives come in, a lugubrious strain of music
is heard. It gradually increases in volume as
they fill the scene. The PRINCE looks furtively at
the faces of one after another, while MADOLOR
goes about among them uttering threats and abuse.]

Come! ye move as slow as any glutted beast altho' your
guts are withered from disuse. Move! Move! or I shall
smite thee with this treeless root I digged from out a
grave!

[The PRINCE recognizes some of the captives and
speaks to them. They look at him blankly and
pass on.]

THE PRINCE

Agenor, is it thou?

The Green Knight

He knows me not,
But stares with empty eyes that would seem dead
Did they not move and gaze.

Ah, Lucan, speak!

Andred! Meliot!

No! Ah, now I feel
The deadliest stings of Care!

THE BLACK KNIGHT

What thinkest thou
Of vassalage in my domain? Behold
How pride and strength are changed to misery!

[*ARCHOLON, an old man with a white beard, is the last of the captives to enter; he wears the shabby garb of a priest. The PRINCE approaches him.*]

THE PRINCE

Good Archolon, 'tis thou! Yes, yes, 'tis thou!
Thine eyes with memory kindle! Heaven be praised!

[*They embrace.*]

ARCHOLON

Unhappy boy!... O God, hast thou forgot
This tender child all innocent of sin?...
Alas that I should see thee in this place!
Thou makest bright the moment, and my heart
Is warmed to feel thine fluttering in thy breast.

[*The BLACK KNIGHT approaches and seizing the PRINCE drags him away from ARCHOLON.*]

THE BLACK KNIGHT

So, thou hast found a friend? 'T is well. My hate
Shall feast twofold, for ye shall suffer more
In seeing anguish rend the other's soul.
Thou callest on thy god? What is thy god

The Green Knight

Who lets thee suffer? Bah! a man-made god
Ye worship with your chants and mummary!
But I am neither man nor made of man,
For I am Care that tortureth all mankind.
I own no king, and bow but to one god—
Great Sathanas, the Ruler of the World!

[*To MADOLOR.*]

Drive to their dens these swine, but leave this cub
To contemplate the moon that shines afar
On happier scenes he never more shall know.

[*To the PRINCE.*]

I leave thee in these silent halls of gloom,
Remember, and be thoughtful of thy doom.

[*The BLACK KNIGHT goes out. MADOLOR runs among the captives and begins driving them from the glade.*]

MADOLOR

Begone! Dost love my buffets as I love to give? If thou wouldest stay thou shalt, but I shall slay thee first, and thou shalt rot here on the ground and so bestink the place that all the winds shall carry bidding to the red-eyed crows to gorge upon thy entrails. Be off, I say, be off!
[*To ARCHOLON.*] Be off, thou grey old louse! Thou starving dung-fly! Must this sweet cudgel teach thee once again to heed my words? I'll beat thee till thou canst not say thy prayers.

[*MADOLOR seizes ARCHOLON and drives him from the glade with blows. He then addresses the PRINCE.*]

Now, whelping, think on what thou here hast seen, and things more dire that thou yet shalt see. [Ironically] Thou hast a valiant spirit—aye, thou art brave! Thou fearest not to be alone. Thou fearest not afrits and demons of the haunted wood, nor hideous beasts with

The Green Knight

gnashing fangs, that prowl in yonder shadows! Thou dost not fear, for thou art brave. [Malignantly] I leave thee to thy fancies; they can take thee hence on journeys of desire, but naught can take thy body from this spot. Here thou shalt writhe beneath the strangling claws of Pain, to taste at last the bitter kiss of Death!

[*MADOLOR leaves the glade, turning as he does so with a vicious gesture. The PRINCE, flinging himself on the ground, buries his face in his hands and weeps silently. A harp plays a series of arpeggios that merges into a melody which expresses musically the dejection of the PRINCE. Meanwhile the PRINCE remains alone and continues to weep. After the music has been heard for some time the elfin lights begin to flit about in the shrubbery, and the ELF-KING enters followed by the elves and goblins. He stands by the PRINCE and looks at him compassionately. The music of the Dance of the Elves recommences and the fairy folk dance again. After a little, the PRINCE raises his head and gazes with bewilderment at the dancing sprites. He does not however see the ELF-KING who presently touches him on the shoulder and at the same time makes a sign at which the elves cease dancing and run off among the trees.*]]

THE ELF-KING

Peace, weary heart, be not afraid,
Tho' Care and Pain deny thee rest;
Fear not, but know thy life is blest,
And face thy trial undismayed.
Let merry elves that danced and played
Within this dark and cheerless glade

The Green Knight

Bring hope and courage to thy breast.
Thy life a fairy charm attends—
All evil things its power defies—
For as a child thou call'dst us friends
Tho' sightless to thy watchful eyes....

[*The sound of approaching steps is here suggested musically, and is followed by a strain of spiritual character accompanying the following lines which the ELF-KING speaks very slowly and mystically.*]

But hark! the wind no longer sighs;
Across the solemn night I hear
A sound that to thy mortal ear
May whisper of a step that wends
Thro' forest ways. Near and more near
It comes, while from Night's dusky hood
The moon now sheds her tender beams.
What mystery is nigh? It seems
As if from out the gate of dreams
Some spirit wanders thro' the wood.
Come... follow me and falter not—
The elves, thy friends, now guard this spot—
In yonder coppice let us hide
And see what fortune may betide.

[*Upon the ELF-KING's allusion to the moon, moonlight slowly suffuses the hillside as well as the glade. At the bidding of the ELF-KING, the PRINCE rises and follows him. Together they steal into the shrubbery at one side of the glade, which is thus left empty. The mystical character of the music merges at last into an heroic phrase, and the mounted figure of the GREEN KNIGHT moves along the highest path on the hillside. His white horse is covered with a green housing ornamented with*

The Green Knight

gold and with redwood trees embroidered upon it. He wears full armor and over it a green parament bearing on the breast the device of a redwood tree. His shield is of the same color and design as is the pennant that flies from the point of his lance. Three white plumes surmount his helmet, the vizor of which is closed. His horse is led by an elf who carries a small torch. The GREEN KNIGHT slowly descends the winding path on the hillside. The music continues. When he reaches the glade he approaches the place where the brazen shield hangs. He strikes it a blow with his lance. It gives out a loud, clangorous sound that echoes through the forest. The music ceases. The reverberations have scarcely died away when the BLACK KNIGHT rides in, mounted on a black charger covered with a black housing bearing the device of a skull. He carries a shield with the same device and wears a helmet surmounted by a black plume.]

THE BLACK KNIGHT

Defiant thunders thine audacious hand
Hath loosened from yon shield, and now, rash knight,
Behold me, quick upon thy summons, here
To smite thee down and render thee to death.
Who art thou that entrustest on this ground
Where no man setteth foot but as my slave?
Thy blazon doth proclaim thee of a realm
Unknown; thy mien betokens insolence
That I shall turn to homage of my might
Before I pour thy blood upon the earth.

[*The GREEN KNIGHT remains motionless and impulsive.*]

The Green Knight

Wilt thou not speak a word? . . . I tell thee, dog,
Tho' thou be dumb as seems, thy wretched tongue
Shall utter cries to fright the very beasts
That will engorge themselves upon thy corpse.
Near by there is a glen where thou shalt lie—
There follow me since thou hast mind to die!

[*The GREEN KNIGHT makes a gesture of assent and, the BLACK KNIGHT preceding, they ride out of the glade. ARCHOLON and the captives, some of whom carry torches, now enter from one side, and the PRINCE from the other.*]

THE PRINCE

In yonder glen didst thou not see the knight
Who rides to battle with our foe? Give thanks
To God, for we are saved at last!

ARCHOLON

Nay, boy,
The golden lamp of hope still burns for thee;
Alas, we know how many a doughty knight
Hath bowed before dread Care's resistless shock.
Our fate is in the hand of God on high;
We can but trust in Him, and so beseech
His mercy. Now in prayer let us kneel!

[*The PRINCE and the captives kneel. The prayer is expressed entirely by music. It is composed in the form of a chorale and is divided into strophes. After each strophe, music expressive of the onrush and shock of conflict and combined with the clash of arms is heard. In these intervals ARCHOLON who remains standing speaks without accompaniment the following lines.*]

(First strophe.)

The Green Knight

Almighty God, we have suffered in thy sight! Grant us grace!...

(Second strophe.)

Eternal Father of us all look down upon our woe! Deliver us, O God!...

(Third strophe.)

Hear us, O Lord, and have mercy upon us! Grant us grace!... Deliver us, O God!...

[ARCHOLON ascends the lower hillside whence he can view the conflict. The fourth strophe is played and is followed by a clash of arms accompanied by the Conflict Music.]

The contest waits o'er long and augurs well.

As some black billow of a cloud-hung sea
Is dashed upon a lofty verdured rock,
The foul one hurls his bulk upon his foe.

[A clash of arms is heard accompanied by the Conflict Music.]

[With animation]

What see my eyes! He falls! O God in Heaven,
Now lend thy grace to him who fights for Thee!

[A trumpet gives the first phrase of the Green Knight motive.]

[Exultingly to the others]

Let joy, a stranger to your grievèd hearts,
Revive your strength. Now with new zeal exalt
The everlasting God who heard your prayer!

[The captives rise with a show of excitement, and ARCHOLON comes down among them. The GREEN KNIGHT now rides in, carrying in his right hand the head of the BLACK KNIGHT suspended by the hair. In the same hand he grasps his drawn sword. He lets the head fall into the hands of

The Green Knight

*some of the liberated captives, who remove it.
ARCHOLON addresses him.]*

Thou hast destroyed the enemy of man.
Thou hast set free his vassals. Once again
We look upon the heavens bending o'er
These aged trees that were our prison walls,
And all their beauty enters in our souls.
No more their mightiness a menace seems;
No more we languish helpless in despair,
For thou hast lifted from our limbs the chains
Of woe that burdened us, and from our hearts
The galling weight of care.

Wilt thou not speak?

Wilt thou not name thyself? Whence comest thou?
Thy silence covers not thy nobleness,
But fills my vision with a holy awe;
Thou seemest as a being not of earth
But, Heaven-sent, an instrument of God.

[A distant horn is heard from the direction of the hill.]

THE PRINCE

Hark! A horn rings from the night!

[The horn is heard again.]

Once more

Its trembling note rides on the shaken air....

Now does its sweet, familiar cadence draw

My soul!

[The horn is heard again.]

Yes, yes, I know that valiant blast!

It is—it is the company of the king!

He comes! The king my father comes! Make haste!

The way is dark.... They wander in the wood....

With torches meet their coming and make bright

The pathway's tracing stolen by the night!

The Green Knight

[*While the PRINCE is speaking, the GREEN KNIGHT turns and rides slowly to a station on the lower hillside. At the PRINCE's bidding, some of the liberated captives carrying torches leave the glade. The PRINCE turns to ARCHOLON.*]

Mark, Archolon, the silent stranger makes
As tho' he would depart.... But no!... He stands!...

[*The GREEN KNIGHT, with an august gesture, raises his vizor. A miraculous light floods his countenance.*]

What wonder starts my sight! Meseems his face
Shines as if touched with strange celestial light,
And on my brow I feel, like a caress,
The wafture of mysterious, unseen wings.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Listen to my words, O happy mortals,
Ye who late within this mighty forest
Languished in the heavy chains of terror.
Listen, and exalt in adoration
Him who from the radiant throne of Heaven
Sent me to deliver you from bondage.
Nameless must I be, but know that yonder,
In the spacious dwelling of the angels,
In the peaceful dwelling of the angels,
We the chosen, cleansed of sin and shriven,
Watch and guard the blood of Christ our Saviour,
Chaliced in the Holy Grail's perfection.
Thence have I, with righteous arms invested,
Sought this dark abode of evil spirits,
Sought and slain the demon Care, avenging
Immemorial wrong and malefaction.
Care is dead and by my sword hath perished

The Green Knight

Vile and cruel Pain, his loathly creature.
Once again ye walk the earth unfettered.
Be ye humble therefore and forget not,
Tho' Adversity's bleak spear should wound you,
God's all-seeing love and grace eternal
Shall deliver you and clothe your spirits
With a robe of glory everlasting.

[*A horn call is heard near at hand from the direction of the hill. It is followed by another and another and finally by a fanfare that merges into a march. The persons in the glade, with the exception of the GREEN KNIGHT, look with expectancy toward the hill, and on the highest path a torch-bearer appears leading a horse on which sits the KING, clad in mail. His surcoat is quartered in red and gold, as is his horse's housing, and both bear the device of an owl. His shield and the pennant that flies from the point of his lance are quartered in the same colors and bear the same device. On his helmet is a golden crown surmounted by a red plume. He is followed by four mounted knights wearing armor and carrying lances and shields. The horses of the knights are led by torch-bearers. The FIRST KNIGHT wears a parament of dark blue, and his horse's housing is of the same color. On parament, housing, shield, and pennant he bears the device of a scroll of stylus. The SECOND KNIGHT's color is yellow and his device is a pipe and syrinx. The THIRD KNIGHT wears dark red and bears the device of a brush and ancient palette. The FOURTH KNIGHT wears bright blue and his device is a sculptor's chisel and maul. The King's March continues as the com-*

The Green Knight

pany descends the winding path on the hillside. As the KING approaches the level of the glade, the PRINCE ascends to meet him, and some of the liberated captives move toward the advancing knights. The PRINCE greets his father, and walks at his stirrup as he enters the glade. The KING and the four knights range themselves on the left of the scene. The music ceases.]

THE KING

My heart is like a golden cup of roses,
Where wingèd Joy drinks deep the sweet excess!

[*He leans down and kisses the PRINCE.*]

ARCHOLON

Give praise unto the Lord, for now indeed
Do blessings fall like flowers from his hand!
Behold, O king, thy vassals, yet not one
More joyed to bow before thy will than I!

THE KING

'T is Archolon, and these my goodly knights!
Now smiling Fortune sets a brighter crown
Upon the brow of Happiness. . . . But thou
My son, of all the jewels in that crown,
Art brightest to mine eyes and to my heart
Most dear. Ah, would that I who knew not hope
Might wing my grateful words to God on high
Who gave thee to me from thy mother's womb,
And gives thee once again from this dark tomb!

THE PRINCE

We have been spared by Death, yet in this spot
His grim and awful presence made us free,

The Green Knight

For here, our captor, Care, a demon foul,
Was slain by yonder gracious knight; to him
We owe our lives and, owing life, owe all.

THE KING

Sir knight, thy deed I'll not affront with praise,
But show thee to what honor in my heart
Thy prowess and thy sword have brought thee....
Come thou unto my court and I each day
Shall give thee what each day thou namest; or
Desire at once my sceptre and my crown
And they are thine.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

Not for guerdon has my sword been wielded;
To thy court I may not ride in triumph,
For to vasty realms beyond the starlight
Whence I came must I be straight returning.
Ere I go, my task fulfilled, I bid thee
Listen to the solemn mandate given
Not by me but by our Heavenly Master:
Care no longer, like a jackal prowling,
Fills the forest with portentous terrors.
Thou shalt drive the memory of his presence
From this grove forever and shalt suffer
Naught but gladness to abide within it—
Gladness and the peace begot of Beauty.
And as time the cirque of years rolls onward,
Hither shall thy children come rejoicing.
Here shall flowers bloom and cast their incense
On the lyric breezes sweet with bird-song;
Here shall gracile deer and hasty squirrel
Wander unmolested thro' the greenwood;
Bending ferns shall catch the golden sunlight

The Green Knight

That with straight and shimmering lance impierces
All the pillared chambers of the forest.
And when night with darkness drapes the hours,
Mirth shall ripple thro' these leafy arches.
Thus thy children and thy children's children
Shall, in token of thy faith and purpose,
Bring to pass redemption of the woodland.

Yonder lies the corpse of Care. Go thither.
Rear a lofty pyre of mighty branches,
And upon the flame's devouring fury
Cast the husk that held the sap of evil!

[*The King's March—diminished in length and volume—is again played. The company, led by the KING, gradually withdraws and leaves the glade empty. The PRINCE is about to follow the others when the GREEN KNIGHT addresses him. The PRINCE ascends to where the GREEN KNIGHT stands. The music ceases.*]

Come thou hither and attend my bidding!

[*He dismounts.*]

This my sword I give thee—use it nobly;
Care it slew, and in the years that wait thee
Wield thou it with honor. Take this charger,
Comrade of my questing, and remember
Him who rode against thy dread tormentor....
Leave me now, and with thy kingly father
Scatter on the wind Care's loathsome ashes.
Fare thee well, and thus I gravely charge thee:
Whilst thou livest, glorify thy Master!
Glorify thy God and praise His bounty!
Glorify the Lord whose greatest glory
Calls on men to serve the cause of Beauty!

The Green Knight

[*The PRINCE takes the GREEN KNIGHT's sword and horse and slowly leaves the glade. As he does so, the area of moonlight is gradually reduced—as if clouds were passing across the face of the moon—until only the lower hillside where the GREEN KNIGHT stands is illumined. The GREEN KNIGHT remains silent for a short time, as if in meditation.*

He then speaks with the greatest solemnity.]

God shall bless them who serve the cause of Beauty;
God shall bless them, for God himself is Beauty—
Ancient spirit of all that ye most cherish,
Who the visible forms of Nature worship
And the mysteries of her mighty bosom.
Beauty healeth the hearts of those who seek her;
Yet thro' Beauty men suffer, yea, and perish,
Bearing bravely the burthen of her service.
Beauty crowneth the quiet brows of Patience—
Patience following dreams that lure the dreamer
Into solitudes none may know but dreamers.
Beauty giveth to love its peace and rapture;
Gold can purchase nor love, nor peace, nor rapture;
Yet shall Beauty these gifts bestow upon you.
Beauty whispereth secret words to poets—
Words that open the inner gates of vision,
Thro' which wander the errant feet of Fancy.

[*The music begins softly with an announcement of the Beauty theme.]*

Beauty soareth upon the wings of music,
Calling harmonies from the lute and viol.
Kingship passeth; its splendors fade as flowers;
Temples crumble to dust and cities vanish;
Yea! these lofty and ancient trees shall follow
Fate's implacable law, but Beauty riseth,

The Green Knight

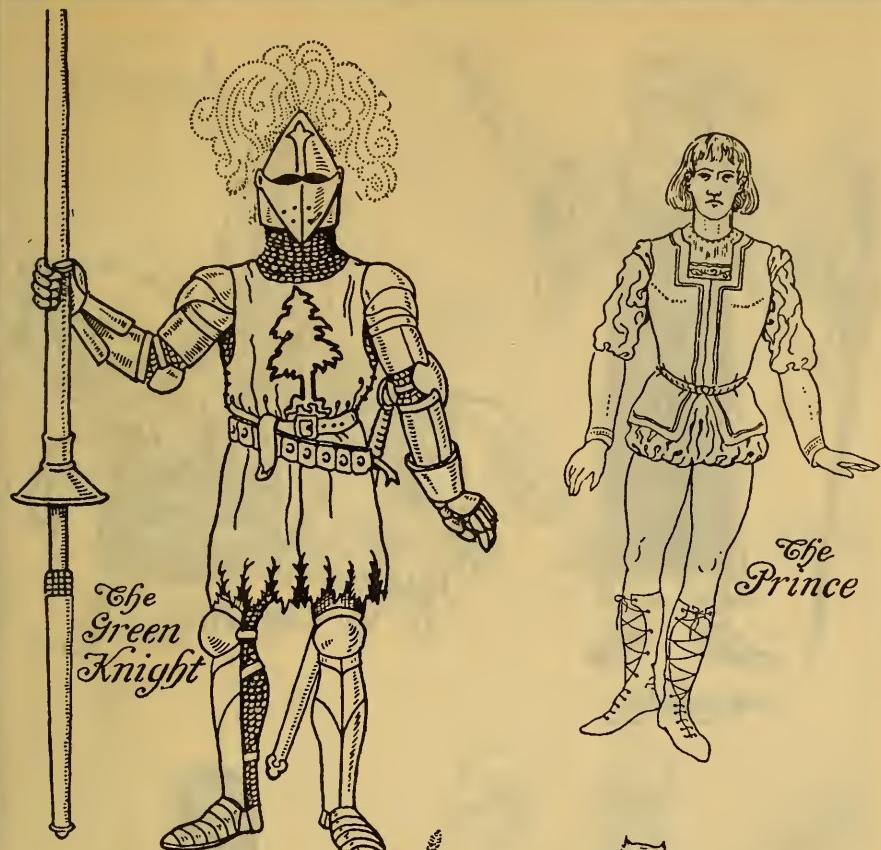
Bright and glorious, sweet and everlasting.
Here in forests beneath the weightless curtain,
Woven cunningly by the silent moonbeams,
Beauty abideth and charmeth the eyes of mortals.
Here shall ye who behold her yield her homage!
Here she reigneth alone, supreme, and holy!
Here her rites shall be held forever sacred!
Worship God as ye will, but this remember,
God is Beauty, and Beauty filleth Heaven.
Now shall Heaven attest the strength of Beauty!

[*The music ceases abruptly, and the GREEN KNIGHT, raising his hands on high, cries an invocation.*]

Hear me, Jesu, son of God, whose voice is mercy and whose heart is love! Our Lady, hear! Angels of Heaven, throw wide the gates of gold and let the light of Paradise descend!

[*Above the hillside, the gates of Paradise open in a flood of golden light that illumines the heavens. The music is resumed at the same moment, and from the gleaming gates an angel sounds a trumpet blast—the Beauty theme. The celestial light continues while the GREEN KNIGHT slowly ascends the hill, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration. His ascent is accompanied by music into which enter the Beauty theme, the Green Knight theme, and the music of the forest at night. When he approaches the radiant gates, a culminating expression of the Beauty theme is heard; the angel takes him by the hand and together they enter Paradise. The GREEN KNIGHT raises his hands in a final gesture of exaltation; the gates close; the music ends triumphantly; and all is dark and silent.*]

THE END.



*The
Green
Knight*

*The
Prince*



Madosor

*The
Elf King*

P.G.



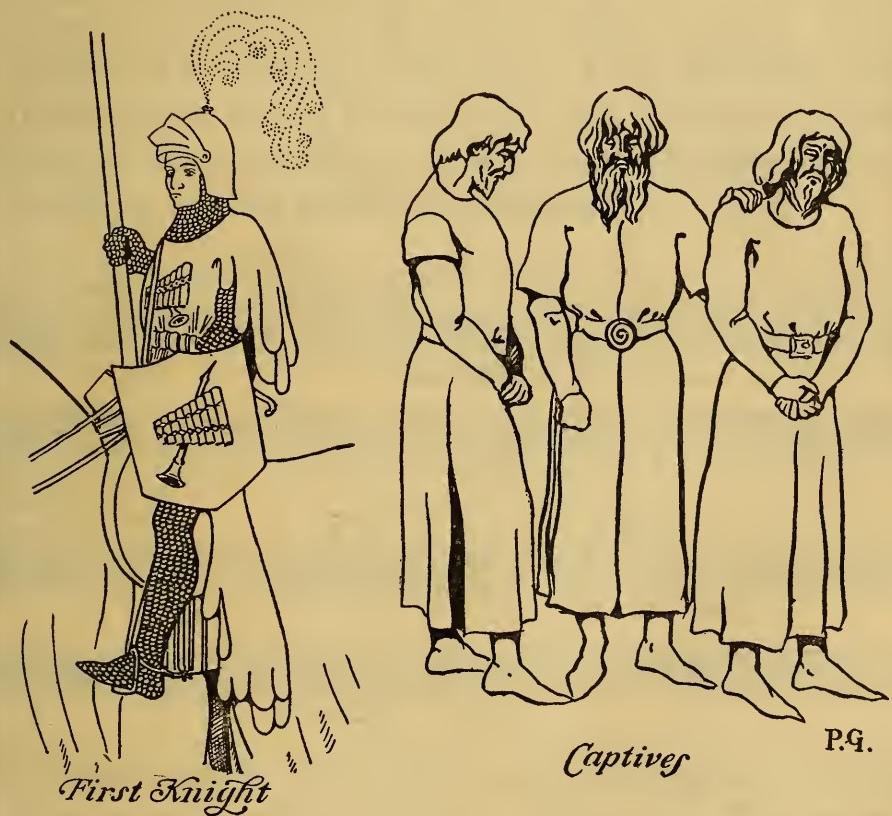
Archoloson

The King



Elf and Gobsin

The Black Knight





SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

The Prelude is built in the main upon themes related to the action, which will be illustrated in their proper places. It begins with a series of arpeggios intended to express the music of the cithara that is played by the speaker of the prologue (Neotios). Thus introduced, and the prologist having left the scene, the Prelude continues upon a theme indicative of the forest at night. This is scored at first for divided violins alone.

The theme is developed for a few measures by imitations on one instrument after another until all cease on a

Synopsis of the Music

forte. A florid passage assigned to a single 'cello introduces the Green Knight theme which is played at first in a cantabile by the 'cellos and then by the other strings.

A musical score for piano duet, featuring two staves. The top staff begins with a dynamic marking 'mf' and a instruction 'R.h' indicating the right hand. The music is in a moderate tempo, described as 'cantabile'. The bottom staff continues the musical line, ending with the instruction 'etc.' at the end of a measure.

A portion of the Dance of the Elves is next introduced. This is built upon the following theme:

Allegro leggiero.

mp

etc.

Into this the Black Knight or Care theme enters.

A musical score for piano, page 10, showing measures 11-12. The score is in 2/4 time, B-flat major. The left hand plays sustained notes with dynamic markings 'mf' and 'f'. The right hand plays eighth-note patterns. Measure 12 concludes with a fermata over the left hand's notes and the instruction 'etc.'

When the Dance of the Elves occurs in the action, the Care theme enters under the dance melody and is repeated at intervals preparatory to the entrance of the Black Knight.

Synopsis of the Music

The remainder of the Prelude consists of a foreshadowing of the Conflict Music which will be illustrated where it occurs in the action, followed by the Green Knight theme in triumphant form, indicative of the Green Knight's victory over Care, and finally by a repetition of the quiet measures expressive of the forest at night with which the Prelude began.

The Prelude is intended to intensify the atmosphere of mystery suggested by the prologue in which the auditors are bidden by Neotios to dream. It is therefore a prelude to a dream and is in full as follows:

PRELUD E

[Introductory arpeggios accompanying last lines of Prologue.]

Lento.

The musical score for the Prelude is composed of four staves of music. The top staff is for the Harp, indicated by the label "Harp p". The second staff is for the Violins, indicated by the label "pp Violins". The third staff is for another instrument, indicated by the label "dim." and "al...". The fourth staff is for another instrument, indicated by the label "al...". The music is in a Lento tempo, featuring introductory arpeggios that transition into more complex melodic patterns. The instrumentation includes Harp, Violins, and other unspecified instruments.

Synopsis of the Music



Moderato cantabile.

Musical score page 2 showing four staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. The second staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. The third staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. Measure numbers 1 through 6 are indicated above the staves.

Synopsis of the Music

The musical score consists of six staves of handwritten notation for orchestra and piano. The instrumentation includes piano, piccolo flute, flute, horns, woodwind, and strings. The score features dynamic markings such as *poco*, *Lento 1^o*, *pp*, *mp*, *dim.*, *al. pp*, *p*, *col. Red.*, *Allegro leggiero*, and *p Wood-wind*. Articulation marks like *rit.* and *a* are also present. The score is written in various keys and time signatures, with some sections in 2/4 time indicated by a '2' over a '4'. Measures are numbered 1 through 8 at the bottom.

Synopsis of the Music

mp Strings

Strings and wood-wind

cresc

mf

accei.

poco.

poco...

mf

dim.

al

al.

Allegro molto

pp

mf

This block contains six staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff shows 'mp Strings' playing eighth-note patterns. The second staff features 'Strings and wood-wind' with a 'cresc' dynamic and 'mf' markings. The third staff consists of two staves, each with eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff has two staves with sixteenth-note patterns. The fifth staff includes dynamics 'accei.', 'poco.', 'poco...', 'mf', 'dim.', and 'al'. The sixth staff begins with 'al.' and ends with 'Allegro molto', 'pp', and 'mf' markings.

Synopsis of the Music

Sostenuto pesante

3

p cresc. e accel. al

Allegro

cresc.

molto dim.

pp rit molto

ff

Maestoso

mf

8 bassa

8

Synopsis of the Music

The image displays a series of six staves of musical notation, likely from a score for two voices and piano. The notation is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The music consists of eighth-note patterns, some with grace notes, and includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *f*, *ff*, and *s*. Measure numbers 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 are indicated above the staves. The piano part features sustained notes and chords, while the vocal parts sing eighth-note patterns.

Synopsis of the Music

dim. erit.

(col Ped.)

Lento

pp L.H.

cresc.

al.

Harp

mf

(col Ped.)

Harp

mp

Synopsis of the Music

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of four sharps. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. The music begins with a series of sustained notes and rests, followed by eighth-note patterns. Dynamics include *mp*, *dim.*, and *pp*. The score is written on five-line staves with bar lines and measure numbers.

The Prelude proper ends when the Elf-King theme is introduced and the Elf-King makes his appearance.

A single staff of music for a solo instrument, likely a flute or piccolo, is shown. The tempo is marked *Allegretto*. The key signature is three sharps. The music features a recurring eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

As the light of the rising moon illuminates the scene the Moon theme is heard. The Elf-King's address to the moon is built upon this theme.

Synopsis of the Music

ILLUSTRATION 1.

O Night, once more, once more I wel-come thee!

Andante $\text{J} = 80$

At last Thy shadowy cloak is cast Up - on the for-est floor. What

Red. Red. Red. express.

mysteries out-pour From wood-land cham bers vast, From ag-ed trees and hoar, Proud

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. dim.

ILLUSTRATION 2.

he-ri-ters of lore, Rich cof-fers of the past! Now Na-ture in a swoon Of

p * bb Red.

Synopsis of the Music

love for-gets the noon, And tree-tops,tow-er-stemmed,Are bright-ly di-a-demmed By
8.

Poco più mosso

yon-der pal-id moon; A sil-VER li-ly there. In gar-dens of the air, With
8.

ILLUSTRATION 3.

pale star-blos-soms gemmed Mys-te-ri-ous and re-mote, His drea-ry mea-sures float A-

Zento

far off to the shore Of the land that's called — No More.

molto rit.

Synopsis of the Music

The moonbeams enter during the latter part of the Elf-King's speech. A few measures of transitional material are introduced while the moonbeams rise from the recumbent positions they assumed upon entering, and the Dance of the Moonbeams begins. The first figure, built upon the Moon theme changed to 3-4 rhythm, is as follows:

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is for the right hand (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the left hand (bass clef). The key signature is G major (three sharps). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is indicated as "Tempo di Valse Lento". The dynamic is marked "mp". The music consists of six measures. Measure 1 starts with a half note followed by eighth notes. Measures 2-3 show a continuation of eighth-note patterns. Measure 4 features a sustained note with a grace note. Measures 5-6 show a return to eighth-note patterns. The score ends with a fermata over the last note.

A second figure is introduced in this form:

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is for the right hand (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the left hand (bass clef). The key signature is G major (three sharps). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is indicated as "Più mosso. 8.". The dynamic is marked "p". The music consists of six measures. Measures 1-2 show eighth-note chords. Measures 3-4 show eighth-note patterns. Measures 5-6 show eighth-note chords again. The score ends with a fermata over the last note.

The Elf-King speaks on the closing measures of the dance and as he calls to the elves and goblins the fairy folk come scampering down the hillside to the accompaniment of the following:

Synopsis of the Music

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in 2/4 time, major key, with dynamic markings 'Allegro 8' and 'leggiero'. It features eighth-note patterns with various slurs and grace notes. The bottom staff is also in 2/4 time, major key, with dynamic 'p 8'. It shows a continuation of the musical pattern, with a section labeled 'etc'.

This changes to the Dance of the Elves that was illustrated in the Prelude, toward the end of which the Care theme enters and is repeated until the Black Knight appears. The Care theme is then given with the full strength of the orchestra and the music ceases.

An episode of action ensues unaccompanied by music. The Black Knight finally commands the dwarf Madolor to bring in the captives. As these enter, garbed in "shabby coats of sombre hues" and walking with bowed heads, they present a melancholy spectacle. The music accompanying their entrance is lugubrious in character and parallels in a gradual crescendo the effect upon the eye of the gradual filling of the scene. This is written with a double time signature (5-4 3-4) and begins as follows:

Lento lugubre.

The musical score shows a single staff in 5-4 3-4 time, minor key. It consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily in the bass clef, with some notes in the treble clef. The music is characterized by its lugubrious and melancholic tone.

A second figure is introduced. This is derived from the Care theme and is the principle basis of the following illustration:

Synopsis of the Music

Andante sostenuto.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in 5/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, dynamic markings 'mp' and 'f', and a trill instruction. The bottom staff is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It has eighth-note patterns and a dynamic marking 'p'. Measure numbers 1 through 3 are indicated above the staves.

The action now continues for a time without music. Finally the Prince, racked by anguish and terror induced by the malignity of the Black Knight and Madolor, is left alone in the awful stillness of the forest. Throwing himself on the ground he gives course to his tears, and the orchestra begins an interlude expressive of his despair. This is assigned chiefly to the harp assisted by muted strings. Its principal theme is as follows:

Adagio passionato.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It shows a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, dynamic markings 'f' and 'ff', and a 'etc.' at the end. The bottom staff is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It has eighth-note patterns and a dynamic marking 'f'. Measure numbers 1 through 3 are indicated above the staves.

A second figure is introduced in this form:

Andante sostenuto, cantabile.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, dynamic markings 'mf' and 'f', and a 'etc.' at the end. The bottom staff is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It has eighth-note patterns and a dynamic marking 'f'. Measure numbers 1 through 3 are indicated above the staves.

Synopsis of the Music

While this is being played the Elf-King enters with the elves and goblins and, the music merging into the Dance of the Elves, the fairy folk dance about as before. The Elf-King presently stops the dance and the music ceases.

The Elf-King now speaks to the Prince. During this speech a succession of tympani beats suggestive of approaching steps is heard. The Elf-King, pausing, says:

But hark! the wind no longer sighs;
Across the solemn night I hear
A sound that to thy mortal ear
May whisper of a step that wends
Thro' forest ways.

* * * *

What mystery is nigh? It seems
As if from out the gate of dreams
Some spirit wanders thro' the wood.

The spiritual suggestion of these lines is expressed musically by the Green Knight theme in the following form:

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '8') and has a key signature of one flat. It features a bassoon line with sustained notes and grace notes. The middle staff is also in common time (indicated by '8') and has a key signature of one flat. It shows a continuation of the bassoon line with similar patterns. The bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '8') and has a key signature of one flat. It follows the same melodic line as the other staves, maintaining the bassoon's rhythmic and harmonic patterns. The overall mood is somber and mysterious, fitting the description of the Elf-King's speech.

Synopsis of the Music



This is continued until the Elf-King and the Prince leave the scene whereupon the Green Knight theme is sounded by the brasses and the Green Knight appears on the upper hillside. As he rides down the winding path the orchestra plays the music of the Green Knight in extended form as heard in the latter part of the Prelude.

The Green Knight and the Black Knight join in combat in a neighboring glen. The Prince and the captives re-enter. Archolon the priest calls upon them to pray. They kneel and the prayer is expressed entirely by the orchestra. It is composed in the form of a chorale. The first strophe begins as follows:

Largo

At the end of the first strophe a clash of arms is heard and the orchestra plays the Conflict Music utilizing the Care theme. The following illustration arranged for piano will suggest the character of the passage.

Poco allegro

Synopsis of the Music



After the second strophe of the prayer the Conflict Music is made to carry the Green Knight theme.

Musical score for the 'Poco allegro' and 'Allegro' sections. The score consists of two staves. The top staff starts with a dynamic of *p*. It includes markings for *cresc.*, *e accel.*, and *al.*. The bottom staff starts with a dynamic of *f*. It includes markings for *cresc.* and *ffz*.

Variations of this treatment occur until the prayer is ended and the Green Knight rides in upon the announcement of his theme by a trumpet.

The action continues without music until a horn call from the hill announces the approach of the King who presently appears with his followers on the upper hillside. As they ride down the winding path the orchestra plays the King's March.

Synopsis of the Music

THE KING'S MARCH

Tempo di Marcia.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for piano, arranged in two systems. The top system starts with a dynamic 'p' and a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom system begins with a bass note followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score includes various dynamics such as 'pp', 'mp', 'cresc.', and 'poco...'. Performance instructions like 'al.' and 'mf' are also present. The music is set in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat.

Synopsis of the Music

A handwritten musical score consisting of five systems of music for two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes frequently, indicated by a mix of sharps and flats. The time signature is mostly 3/4. Various dynamics are marked throughout, including *cresc.*, *8-*, and *Cantabile e poco sosten.* The score includes several rests and grace notes, and some measures feature square brackets under specific notes.

Synopsis of the Music

A handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of five staves of music. The score is in common time and uses a key signature of one flat. The music includes various dynamics such as *p*, *f*, *mf*, and *ff*. There are also several performance markings, including slurs, grace notes, and dynamic groups labeled *1^o*, *2^o*, and *3*. The score is written on five-line staves with both treble and bass clefs.

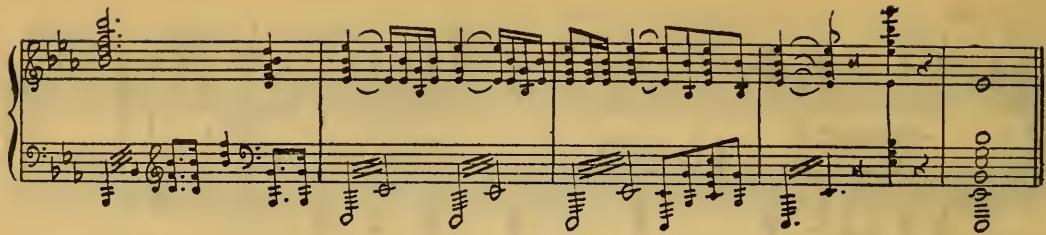
Synopsis of the Music

A handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six staves of music. The score is in common time and uses a key signature of one flat. The music includes various dynamics such as *f*, *cresc.*, and *8 basso*. The score features complex chords and rhythmic patterns, typical of early 20th-century classical music. The handwriting is clear, though some dynamics like *f* and *cresc.* are written in a cursive style.

Synopsis of the Music

The musical score consists of two staves, each with four measures. The top staff begins with a measure of eighth notes followed by a measure of sixteenth-note pairs. The third measure contains a dynamic marking 'ff'. The bottom staff follows a similar pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. Measures 9 and 10 show more complex rhythmic patterns, including eighth-note pairs and sixteenth-note groups. Measures 11 and 12 conclude the section with eighth-note patterns.

Synopsis of the Music



The march is again played in diminished form as the King and the other characters finally leave the scene. After this the Green Knight delivers his last speech—an apostrophe to Beauty. This progresses for some time unaccompanied, but when he utters the lines,

Beauty soareth upon the wings of music,
Calling harmonies from the lute and viol,

the orchestra begins softly with an announcement of the Beauty theme simplified from the full expression in which it appears later. This simplified treatment of the theme is as follows:



With this the finale begins and proceeds with the development of the Beauty theme imitated in *stretto*.



As a counterpoint to this the music of the forest at night, transposed to the key of C-major, is employed.

Synopsis of the Music

This accompanies the latter part of the Green Knight's speech which is spoken with constantly increasing exaltation—paralleled by the music—until the concluding line,

Now shall Heaven attest the strength of Beauty.

At this point the music stops abruptly and the Green Knight calls upon the angels of Heaven to "throw wide the gates of gold and let the light of Paradise descend!" To borrow from Mr. Garnett's stage directions: "Above the hillside, the gates of Paradise open in a flood of golden light that illuminates the heavens. The music is resumed at the same moment, and from the gleaming gates an angel sounds a trumpet blast—the Beauty theme. The celestial light continues while the Green Knight slowly ascends the hill, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration." His ascent is accompanied by the Green Knight motive in extended form until he approaches the gates of Heaven. The final and full expression of the Beauty theme now enters. It is in part as follows:

Synopsis of the Music

Maestoso molto.

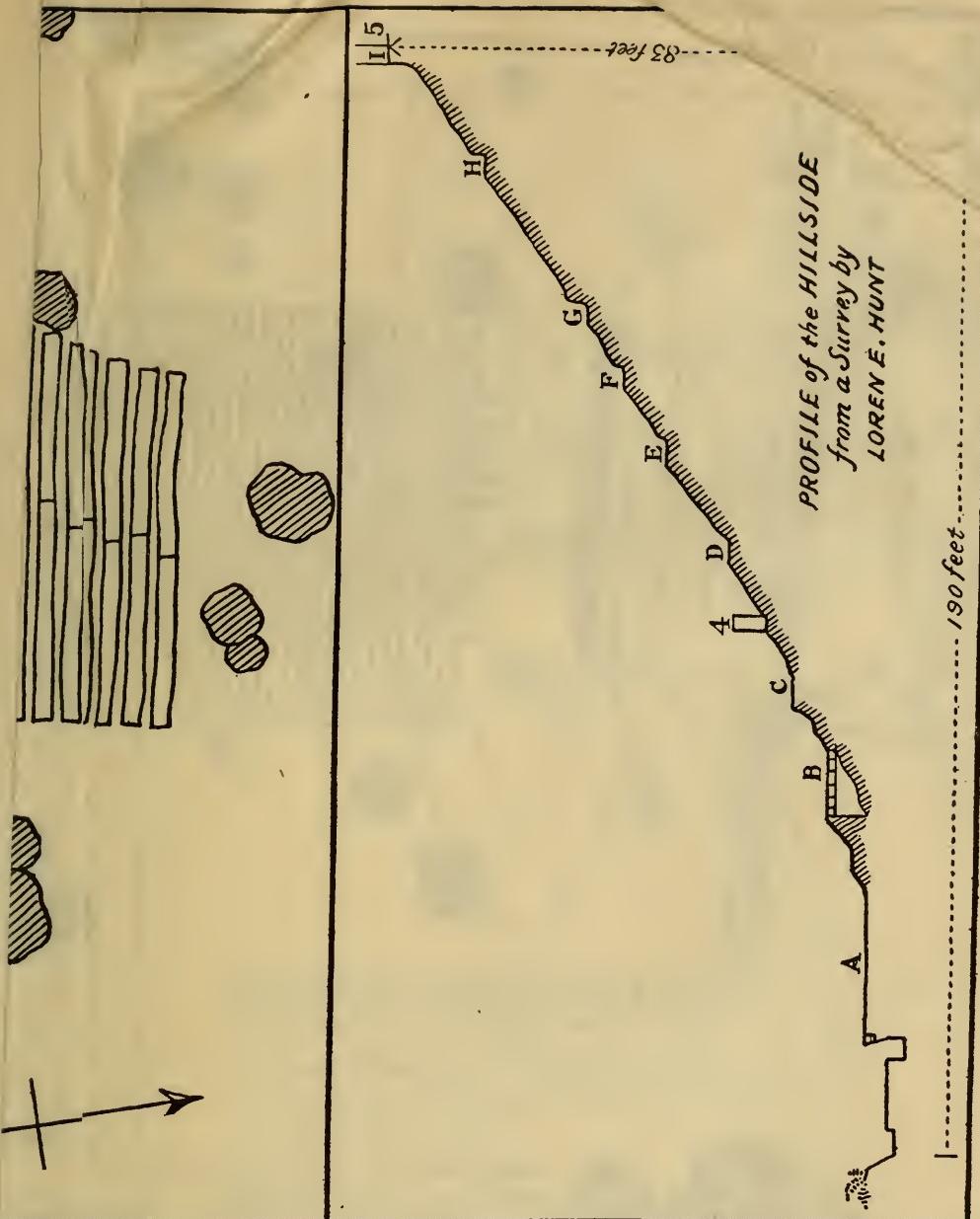
8.....

9.....

This accompanies him until having stepped within the gates of Paradise they close upon him and the music ceases as darkness falls.

E. G. S.

*PROFILE of the HILLSIDE
from a Survey by
LOREN E. HUNT*



THE BOHEMIAN CLUB GROVE THEATRE
Performance of The Green Knight.

1-HIGH POWER LIGHT STATION, 45 ft. EL.

2-LOW POWER LIGHT STATION, 18 ft. EL.

3-DRESSING TENT

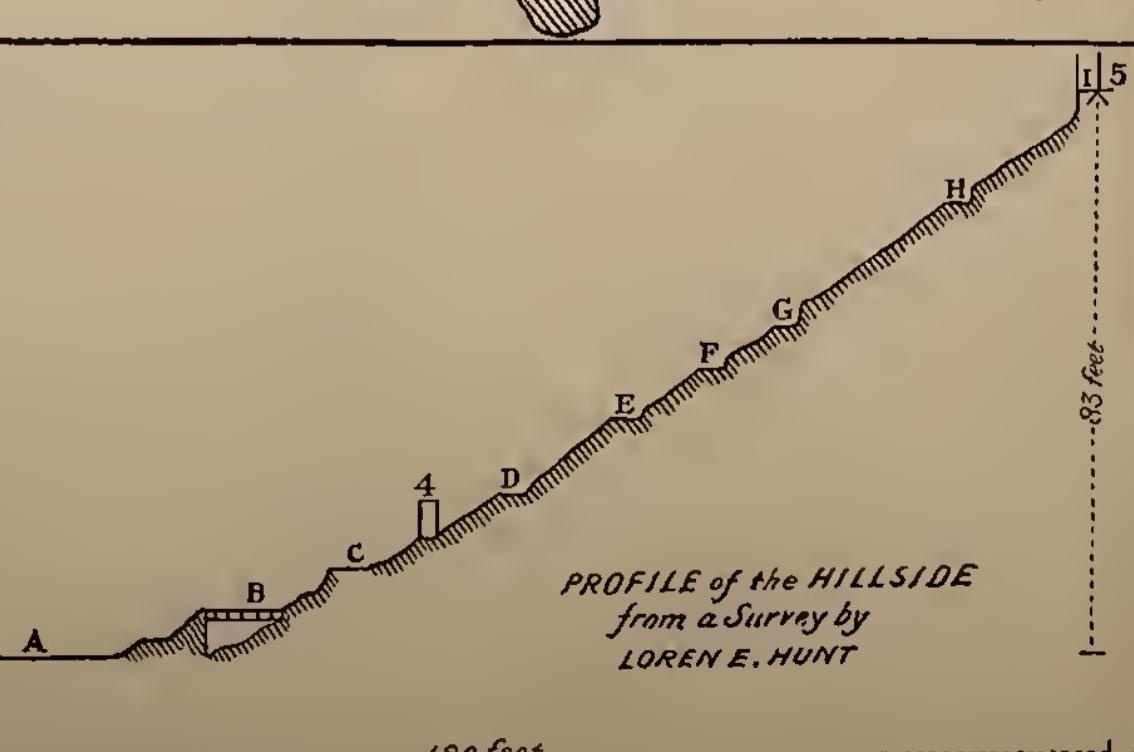
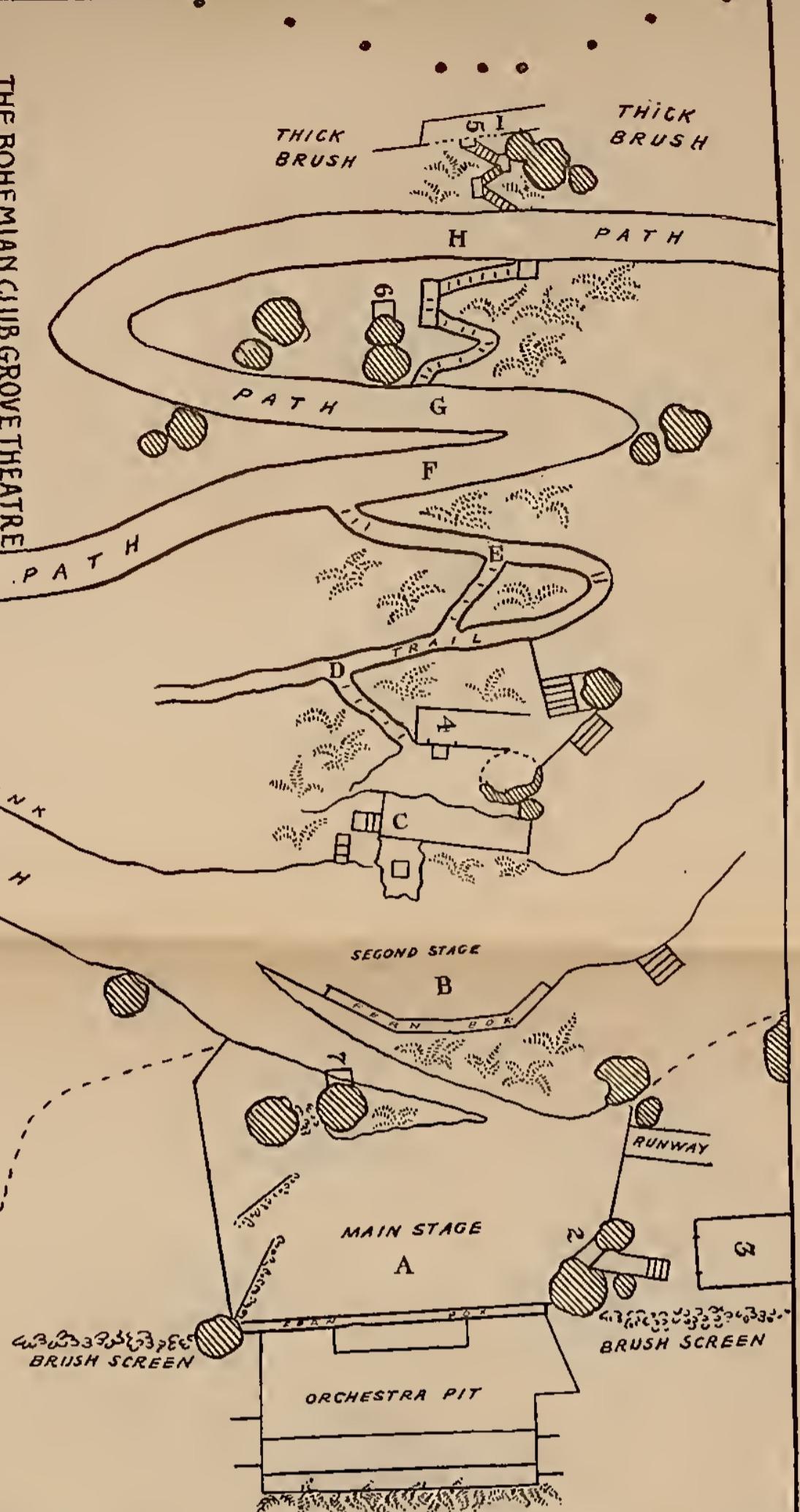
4-CAVE OF SATURNAS

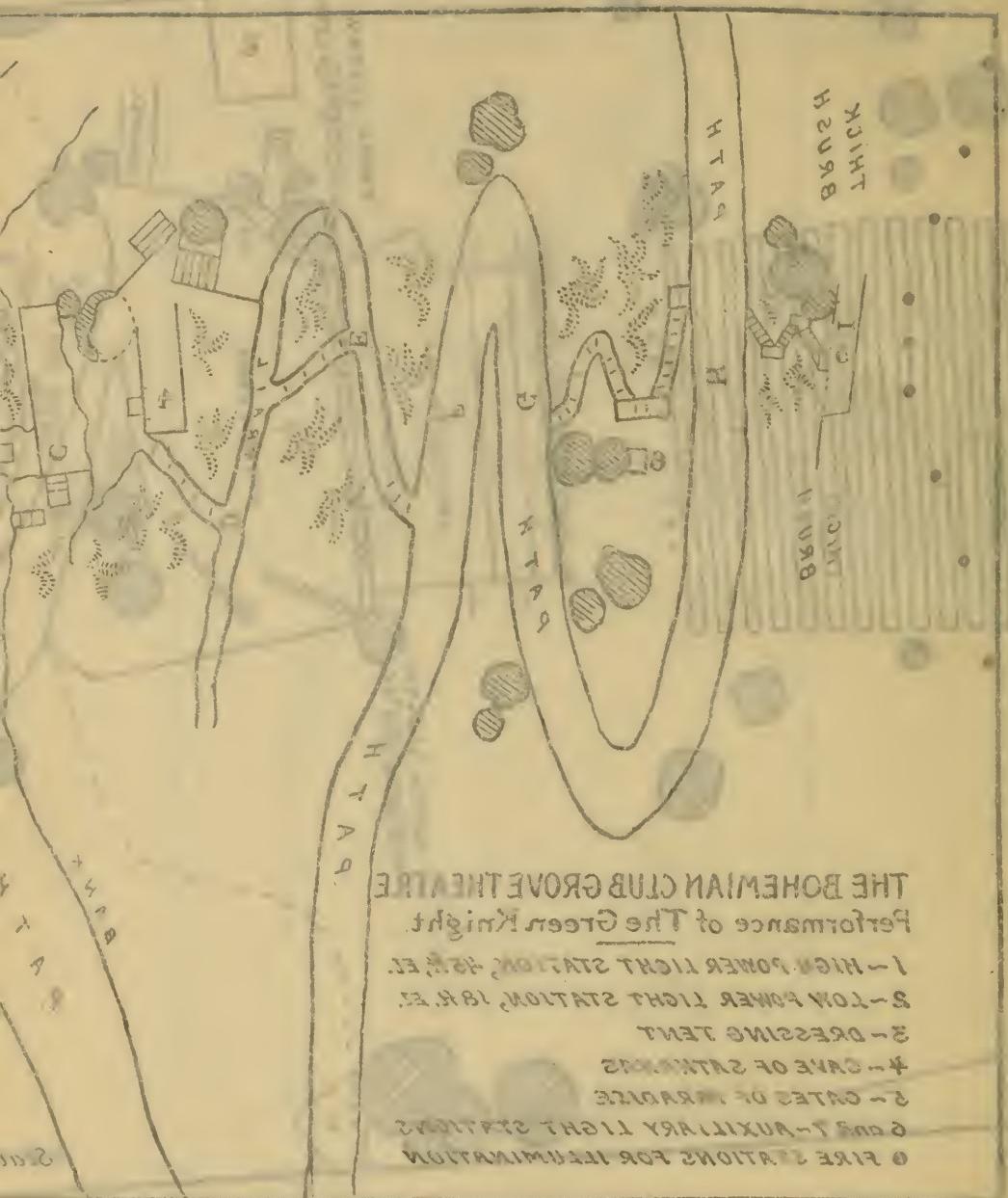
5-GATES OF PARADISE

6 and 7-AUXILIARY LIGHT STATIONS

• FIRE STATIONS FOR ILLUMINATION

Scale - 1 in = 20ft.





THE BOHEMIAN CLUB GROVE THEATRE
FOLLOWING of THE GREAT KINGS
1-HIGH POWER LIGHT STATION 48.52
2-CLOTHES LINE STATION 18.52
3-OREGON TENT
4-SAME OF SALTWATER
5-COTTAGE IN RURAL AREA
6-GROVE AUXILIARY LIGHT STATION
7-FIRE STATION FOR ILLUMINATION

PRAISE BE TO JOHN OF NEPOMUCK, BOHEMIA'S PATRON SAINT, THAT ON THIS THE SECOND DAY OF THE MONTH OF AUGUST, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MCMXI AND OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB XXXIX, IS HAPPILY ENDED THIS BOOK OF THE GREEN KNIGHT, WHICH IS ISSUED FROM THE HOUSE OF PAUL ELDER & COMPANY & THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF QUALITY AND PARTS, WHICH HAS BEEN EXQUISITELY RENDERED INTO TYPE BY THE MASTER PRINTER JOHN HENRY NASH, AND WHICH IS NOW READY BY THE GRACE OF A MERCIFUL GOD FOR THE PRESS OF TAYLOR, NASH & TAYLOR

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